## THE BOSTONIAN

Vol. III

OCTOBER 1895

No. 1



By Robert G. Fitch



PON my first visit to this city, a number of years ago, I calied, soon after my arrival, upon a college classmate, who possessed that inestimable advantage in life of being "Boston

born." As I was about to take leave, I asked him to direct me to Bunker Hill Monument, which had been the Mecca of my boyhood longings. He did so to the best of his ability, qualifying his instructions with the remark: "I think that will get you there all right; I have never been there myself." I

have since learned that in this respect he was by no means peculiar among Bostonians; also, that neglect of that famous obelisk is not an exception to, but part of, a general rule, and that the people of this city are very much like the people of other cities in their indifference to, and practical ignorance of, the objects and institutions which are nearest them, and which excite special interest in remote localities.

Our enthusiastic and pleasantlyremembered friends, the Christian Endeavorers, and the Knights Templars, who were with us a short time ago, carried away consider-

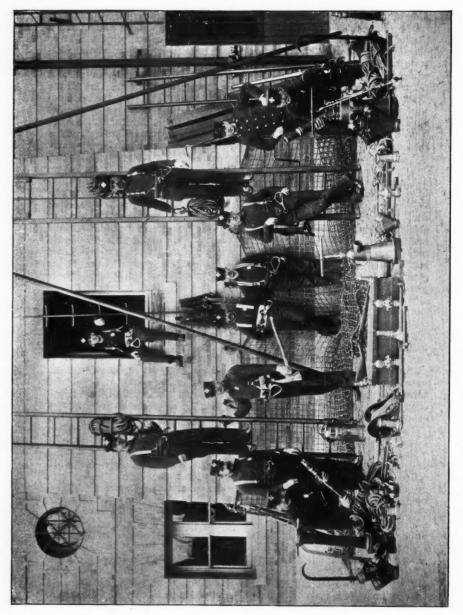


Headquarters of the Boston Fire Department, Bristol Street

able of value besides a strengthening of fervor, and a renewal of grace. They came here realizing the standing of Boston as an historic town, and burning with zeal to familiarize themselves with the palpable evidences of that history. Their instinct for everything that was old and quaint, their persistence in resolving all the musty and time-worn data that came under their eyes or hands, caused many smiles of amusement, perhaps not entirely free from contempt, among us superior Boston beings who have these monuments and tablets and sacred relics with us all the time, even if to a large extent we are not aware of it, and do not know what they mean. But these patient gleaners in the birthplace of American history and American liberty could afford to let us smile. were all the while getting the best of it, for it is hardly an extravagant statement that the thousands who returned to their homes at the conclusion of these pilgrimages were better grounded in the more realistic points of Old Boston and Massachusetts history than an equal unselected number of our own citizens could prove themselves to be, even though educated in our public schools.

In all this, it is not my intent to bestow reproof, or indulge in criticism. My own house is too fragile to justify me in casting stones at others. I remember that almost every morning for two years I walked by the Cyclorama of the Battle of Gettysburg, with free tickets in my pocket, and yet I never saw that famous spectacle, though I heard its praises sung by a whole trainload of Sunday-school convention delegates from all over the country. I have sometimes thought I would take a year and make a tour of exploration in Boston,—if I only knew where to begin.

These prefatory observations may seem irrelevant, but they have a bearing on what follows. illustrate the peculiar mental phenomenon that, while distance attracts, nearness repels, or at least deadens our interest. One of the commonest sights in the city of Boston is the response of the department to an alarm of fire. Nearly every man, woman, and child, is familiar with it. There were nearly two thousand such alarms last year, each one calling out from two to nine pieces of apparatus. The spectacle never grows old. The sensation one derives from it is like that produced by glorious music, or fervid eloquence, or impassioned poetry. It quickens the blood and raises the spirits. Even the most sluggish temperament cannot be indifferent to its influence. There is also the charm of seeming mystery about it all. Just one pull of the hook in that little red box, and men, horses, and machinery seem to spring out of the ground. But the mystery is only apparent. It is simply the perfection of system. A splendid team of three horses abreast comes forging along at a powerful gallop, twirling behind them a ladder-truck weighing five or six tons, with as much seeming ease as a boy draws his toy-cart. From another direction an engine appears on the scene, its black smoke showing that energy for needed service has already been developed. Those light skirmishers, the chemical-engines, dart in and out, and perform deploy service while the heavier batteries are getting ready for action. The clanging of gongs, and the penetrating notes of the bugle, announce the arrival of apparatus farther away, and the interest keeps growing. There is something grand and noble in all this, and the public so acknowledge it. They are for the moment fascinated and exhilar-



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ated. They have seen a vision, and when it is past they depart, not knowing whence it came, or into what it has been resolved.

Here, again, that strange ignorance manifests itself with respect to an institution that is everywhere with us, is a part of us, and indispensable to our safety and well being. Probably more Bostonians could give a fairly intelligent description of the contents of the Louvre, or the internal arrangements of St. Peter's at Rome, than could pass a satisfactory examination upon the organization, government, and discipline of their own Fire Department. It is said that a gentleman in a city adjoining Boston, some time ago undertook to send in an alarm from a box numbered "62." He was found by the department vigorously pumping away, supposing that sixty-two pulls were necessary to give the desired information. Another story is told of a South Boston policeman, new to the business, who, seeing a fire in Cambridge, turned in an alarm from the first box on his beat that he came to! When called upon to explain his conduct, he said his instructions were, when he saw a fire, to go to the nearest box and These stories may or may not be apochryphal, but certainly as queer misconceptions are not uncommon. A gentleman whose cellar was flooded last spring, telephoned me a request to send a chemical-engine and pump it out. There are instances almost innumerable of people living or doing business for years opposite a firealarm box, with instructions posted in large letters above it, who, when a fire occurred on their premises, either did not know where to find it, or how to manipulate it when found, and to this fact can be traced much unnecessary waste of property and loss of life.

About a year ago I was visited at department headquarters by one of our best known and most highly respected business men. He came in his own behalf, and as a representative of others, to petition the Board of Fire Commissioners for a reversal of its action in a particu-The very nature of his lar case. errand showed that he entertained vague and erroneous ideas about the department, for he was pleading against his own interests, as he would doubtless acknowledge to-day. In discussing the matter I said to him, "Mr. Blank, do you know anything of this department from your own investigation?" He frankly replied, "No, I do not; I have never been even to the engine-house nearest my place of business." "Then all you know of it is what the fire underwriters "That is all," have told you?" was his reply. He might as wisely have appealed to his Satanic Majesty for a true exposition of Christian theology. Yet it is probable that ninety-nine out of every hundred business men are no better posted than he was. It is not strange that this should be so. knowledge of the Boston Fire Department, or any other, requires more study and time than they are able to devote, for they are busy people.

The means at hand for getting this information are abundant enough, and easily obtainable. The annual reports of the department are fairly good records of its character and service. But public documents are proverbially dry reading, and do not appeal to the taste of the average citizen. There is little evidence that even mayors and city councils seriously burden their minds with them, as important recommendations, reiterated year after year, usually find between the covers of these same re-



Commissioner's Office

ports an undisturbed mausoleum. They blossom for a day in the columns of the newspapers, and then perish from financial drought.

In attempting a brief outline sketch of the department, the top is a more definite starting point than the bottom. That is the Fire Commission. Whether composed of three heads, as has been its character for over twenty years, or of one, as at present under the provisions of the new city charter, its work, authority, and responsibility are the same. A popular conception of the service of the board has been that it drew comfortable salaries, and passed its time in entertaining callers. But this is only one of many erroneous ideas concerning the department. It is true that a Fire Commissioner fails in his duty when he attempts to repulse the public. He is a public servant, and when he forgets that fundamental fact his usefulness is

seriously impaired. He should listen patiently, courteously, and considerately to the requests or to the complaints of the citizens of Boston, or those whom they have chosen to represent them. Many of these requests or complaints may be unreasonable, frivolous, even grotesque, but it is his business to sift the wheat from the chaff, to try to help the people whom he serves, and derive help from them. In no other way can he so accurately test the public pulse; in no other way obtain the general information necessary to intelligent practical service. This is not always an agreeable duty, for bores and cranks enter every door that is opened, but it is a duty all the same. This, however, is incidental. There are in the active service of the department seventy-nine different pieces of apparatus, distributed over the entire city, and made up as follows: forty-five steam fire-engines, in-



Exercise with the Jumping-Net

cluding the old and new fire-boats, Engines 31 and 44; seventeen ladder-trucks, nine chemical-engines, two combination wagons, two water-towers, and four hose-carriages, independently located. All this is exclusive of a considerable amount of reserve apparatus, and supply, coal, and wrecking-wagons, etc.

With most of these pieces there are full companies, and with all of them separate detachments or details of men. From all these separate sources there come to the Commissioner every day reports that account for every man in the department. They tell him who is present, and who absent, who sick, who on leave, who on day off, and who on vacation, showing the strength of each company at a given hour, and the consolidated strength of the whole. But that is only a small part of what he receives, and must consider. Requisitions for stock, equipment, and repairs; requests for transfers, for leave, for promotion; charges against members, or possibly of members against officers; communications from other departments, correspondence from all parts of the country, and many other matters, come up for official digestion at each daily board meeting; and to make the best and most harmonious disposition of these heterogeneous items of business, is part of the duty of a Fire Commissioner. Furthermore, ultimate authority is vested in him, and ultimate responsibility is laid upon him. All new members of the department are appointed by him. All transfers, advancements, promotions, rewards, and penalties emanate from him, while last, but not least, he is held accountable for the judicious expenditure of an appropriation now amounting to \$1,100,000, and not nearly large enough at that. He must give hearings on

charges, and pass judgment according to the best dictates of his conscience and ability. This is an exceedingly delicate office. There is the department on the one hand, and the man on the other, to be considered. He must not be governed by his sympathies alone, or largely, as laxity would creep in and discipline would suffer. But if he treats men simply as machines, and stands ready to blast their reputations and deprive them of their means of livelihood, when a little judicious charity would save them, he can erect a very lofty monument of injustice in a very short time. A gentleman prominent in municipal affairs remarked some time ago that the work of the Fire Department was purely executive. Between one and two hundred trials a year of men on charges liable to work a forfeiture of what they prize most, short of life and liberty, would seem to argue that, to no small extent, the functions of the Fire Commission were also judicial.

There is another popular delusion that almost any man, possessing the proper "pull," can get into the Fire Department. Those who have tested this idea, however, no longer have any faith in it. The way out is frequently short and direct, but the approaches are long and devious, and often prove very discouraging to those who attempt to travel them to a conclusion. With the first steps the Commission has nothing to do. applicant has at the outset, and for a considerable time thereafter, special business with the Civil Service Commission. He first applies for an application blank. Unless he can show the requisite physical stature, even this is refused him, and his hopes are dashed forever. Up to about seven or eight years ago the standard was not an

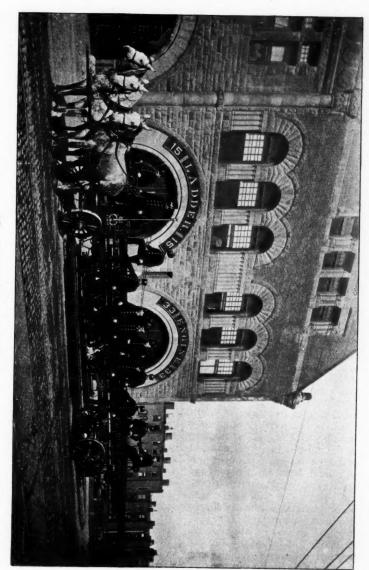


A Three-Horse Hitch Applied to an Engine

exacting one. The candidate had to be five feet and four inches in height, and weigh 120 pounds. Too many small men found their way in at these figures, and at the request of the Fire Commissioners the minimum was raised to five feet six inches, and 130 pounds. A year or two ago, another inch and an extra five pounds were required, and while this occasionally excludes a man who would be a valuable member of the department, on the whole a decided physical betterment will result. If the candidate is fortunate enough to have his application entertained. he must then wait until he is notified of the times to take his several examinations. He must satisfy the city physician that he is sound in mind and body, while the Civil Service examiners manifest a good deal of curiosity with regard to him. He must convince them that he is a citizen of Boston; that he has never been convicted of an infraction of the laws of the State: that his habits have not blasted his past, and do not threaten his future; that he possesses a certain amount of general and theoretical knowledge of the department he proposes to enter; and that his mental equipment in certain other respects reaches a prescribed measure. If he escapes unplucked, he is passed along in due time to the gymnasium director, who enters into a very detailed and technical analysis of his physical make-up. The different muscles are measured, the proportions are recorded, tests of the heart, lungs, and other organs under pressure are made; the man is conducted through various exercises, with or without apparatus, to prove his strength or develop his weaknesses.

All these results, figured to close fractions, are added and averaged, and the product is the net stand-

ing of the man. If he has done better than 65 per cent. he is eligible for an appointment when his services may be needed; but his chances will be very remote if he does not show as high as 78 per cent. At best, his period of waiting may become rather tedious. To reach the eligible list is certainly a hopeful advance, but I believe there are as many as two hundred there now, and some of them will have to wait a long time. While the applicant has been passing through the throes of preparation, the Fire Commission has known nothing about him. When men are needed to fill vacancies, a requisition to that effect is made upon the Civil Service Commissioners. If five men are needed, ten or twelve names will be sent down, certified These undergo a as eligibles. general examination, the required number is selected, and the other names are sent back. The fortunate candidates are appointed, conditionally, permanent substitutes in the Fire Department. The new recruit, no matter what his previous record or known attainments, is never admitted to a higher grade. He must then pass through thirty days' practice and instruction at the department drillschool. If at the end of that time his conduct has been good, and his proficiency satisfactory, he is confirmed on six months' probation. At the end of six months, if his superior officers report his conduct and capacity, both at fires and at quarters, what they should be, he is given a raise of salary. He keeps that status for eight or ten months more, when he is promoted to be a permanent fireman, with a salary of \$1,000 the first year, \$1,100 the second, and \$1,200 the third and thereafter, and he can keep his position as long as his conduct is good and he possesses



A Three-Horse Hitch Applied to Ladder Trucks

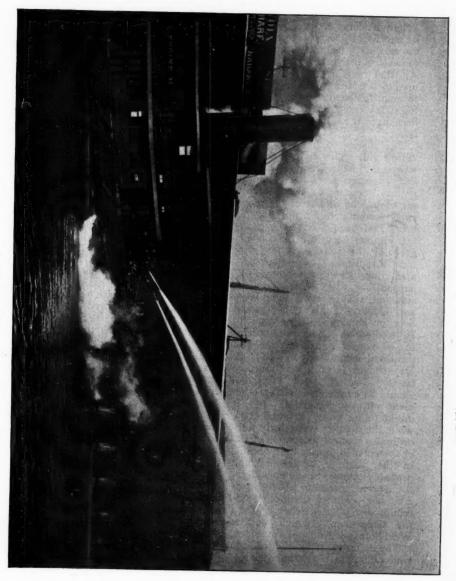
the ability to perform the service required of him. Thus it will be seen that, to enter the department, one has to run a rather formidable obstacle race, but so many attempt it that the supply is always largely in excess of the demand.

In the last seven or eight years the department has made a more conspicuous record of development and growth than in the previous twenty. In this it has responded to the quickening forces at work in fire departments generally. There has been a gain everywhere, not simply in size, but in methods and in discipline. Nine years ago the service here was about half call and half permanent. there are over six hundred permanent men, and about one hundred and ten call. In other words, we have been sloughing off our provincialism and putting on a metropolitan character, just as rapinly as means would permit. The reform should have been complete years ago. A call membership in an American city of half a million inhabitants is a reflection upon its enterprise, and an element of weakness in its fire-service.

In the period here considered, the engine companies have increased from thirty-two to forty-five, -a numerical gain of over 40 per cent.; but that does not tell the whole story. A number of the old call companies have been made permanent: new engines of more powerful capacity have been put in service, and, where practicable, threehorse hitches for engines, and two-horse hitches for hose-wagons. have been substituted for twohorse and one-horse hitches, respectively. This gives greater and surer motive power in getting to a fire, and more efficient service after There are now two firearriving. boats instead of one, and either of them is more than twice as power-

ful as the old "Flanders," which, however, was an excellent craft for her day and generation. Instead of one tower of the old Greenleaf pattern, which required from fifteen to twenty minutes for adjustment, the department now has two of the Hale chemical and hydraulic raising type, which can be elevated in almost as many seconds, and furnish a much more abundant delivery. Similar advance has been made with respect to other kinds of machinery. Of seventeen laddertrucks to-day, five are of the aërial pattern, while eight years ago only two trucks out of the fourteen were aërial. Chemical-engines have increased in number, and combination wagons, an entirely new feature, have been added.

Four or five years ago the department drill-school was instituted, and has proved itself to possess great value. Previous to that time a raw recruit might be placed on an engine company where he would stay, perhaps, for years, with no opportunity to learn anything of other branches of the service; or he might be placed upon a ladder company with the same result. A man's instruction was disjointed and unsystematic. If he was eager and quick to learn, and his officers took an interest in him, he could acquire something; otherwise his progress was slow, and his initiation oftentimes painful. Now, admission to the department depends upon proof of his proficiency at the drillschool. He there has every opportunity to acquaint himself with all kinds of apparatus and equipment, study their character, and observe their operation. He is trained in throwing ladders, scaling buildings with the pompiers, using life-lines and jumping-nets, connecting and running lines of hose, placing chucks, and a thou-



The Old Fire-Boat at Work

sand and one other matters which belong to the service of a fireman. When he completes the period, if he survives the crucial test, he has the necessary technical knowledge to perform his duties intelligently. All that remains is to become inured to fire and smoke, and learn to wear his harness without chafing. He can then call himself a fireman in the full meaning of the term.

The discipline has also grown

more rigid. This is inevitable as we recede further from a call basis, and approach more nearly metropolitan standards. The penalties for violations of any of the many rules formulated for the government and guidance of the force, are various, according to the degree of the offence. They run from a reprimand to a discharge, and cover forfeiture of days off, suspensions, fines, etc. Many lapses, that, simply between employer and employed, might be passed over or condoned, here have to be treated as conduct prejudicial to good order and discipline, and punished accordingly. The Fire Department is on a semi-military basis. The rules of discipline should be exact, and their enforcement strictly impartial; but it ought to be borne in mind that, while the fireman voluntarily subordinates himself to a much stricter system of authority than obtains

West Point nor Annapolis provides.
The department is divided into
twelve districts, beginning with No.
1 in East Boston, and running to
No. 12 in West Roxbury. Each
district has a chief of its own, subordinate, of course, to the Chief of

in other pursuits, he does not and

probably cannot, to any considera-

ble degree, surrender his rights as a citizen. Thus a distinctive sys-

tem of discipline is necessary for a

fire department, which neither

Department. In most other large cities they are designated battalion chiefs, but district chief seems a term of more definite meaning. Each full permanent company is officered by a captain and a lieutenant, responsible, primarily, to the chief of the district. Every company is governed in its response to alarms by the running-card of the department, which looks very simple on its face, but is in reality a series of many nicely and carefullyadjusted tables, sometimes requiring months in its preparation, and frequent revision afterwards.

The dramatic and soul-stirring exhibitions of rushing horses and apparatus, with their gong and bugle obligatos, are, no doubt, very fine, and to those not burdened with responsibility for results, very pleasing. But the wizard that puts this force in action is a magical, mystical agent, that works in secret, traversing, with the quickness of thought, hundreds of miles of wire, and carrying its tidings of danger and summons to duty to every member of the department. Back of everything stands the fire-alarm system. That must be alarm system. prompt and true, or disaster is likely to follow. As soon as a streetbox is pulled the record is made at headquarters, and a delicate and intricate machine is instantly put in operation, which notifies the different apparatus-houses by striking the number on the box-gongs through a direct current. When that is completed, the same alarm is repeated by reverse current upon the large gongs as a verification, though a company that responds to the alarm never waits for the gong, provided the first rounds are distinct and definite. This will bring a company upon the street in from eight to ten seconds in the daytime, and in from fifteen to twenty seconds at night, when the men

are asleep. In the operating-room at fire-alarm headquarters two men, and sometimes three, are on watch night and day, there being three relays. They must understand their business to a nicety, and their vigilance must be ceaseless.

A valuable addition to the architecture of the city is the new building on Bristol Street, used as department headquarters. Its stately and handsome yellow tower attracts the attention of travellers to the city, whether by sea or land. It was designed somewhat after a famous Florentine model, and is at once commanding and beautiful. In it are located, upon the first floor, one of the water-towers, the wrecking-wagon, and horses for both. The floor above contains the offices of the Commission and the Chief of Department, and room for clerks. Above that is the gymnasium, while the upper floor is devoted to the new fire-alarm plant, and the dynamos which supply it. The tower, about one hundred and sixty feet in height, is very ornate, but beauty is not its only, or even its principal, object. It is used by the drill-school, and is the leading factor in its operations. Each new recruit has to make its intimate acquaintance, not by means of the interior stairway, but by the scaling-ladders previously mentioned, working his way from window to window. The building, in most respects, is admirable; the location is not, and its selection was acquiesced in by the Fire Commissioners only after all their previous recommendations of better sites had failed to meet with a favorable reception.

This presentation of facts carries its own demonstration of progress along practical lines, the greater part of which has been effected during the last six years. The last annual report points out, however, many needs unsatisfied,

and to meet them would require an expenditure of at least \$300,000 beyond any present or immediately prospective appropriations. New apparatus-houses are needed, and old ones are suffering from lack of repairs. More engines and laddertrucks should be purchased and put in service, and the call element of the department should give place to a general extension of the permanent force. Were this done. Boston's Fire Department would not have a superior in any city of this or any other country. Perhaps it would not be worth the cost, simply as a gratification of our pride; but as an elimination of the points of present weakness, the expenditure would be most judicious. Even as we are, our reputation is high. Captain Brandon of New York, one of the ablest insurance inspectors in the country, praises the improvements that have been made here, and gives the department a standing second to no other. It is certainly admirably organized and officered. The present Commissioner, Colonel Henry S. Russell, is deeply interested in the service, and is giving his best thought and energies to maintaining its efficiency. Chief L. P. Webber has completed almost eleven years of honorable and excellent duty in his present position. He has carried himself through many trying situations with a manly dignity that has always won him friends; pursuing the even tenor of his way and attending to the business for which he was appointed, whether evil or good report followed him, until he stands higher to-day in the respect and confidence of the city than he ever did before. The district chiefs are almost all men in the prime of their powers, loyal, alert, and enthusiastic; and the force, as a whole, shows splendid material. I cannot imagine a finer

exhibition, or one more interesting to the people of Boston, than the whole Fire Department in line. It would take several miles of our streets to accommodate such a parade, and of course, under the present system of discipline, it would be morally impossible. Three years ago, however, a representative section of the department made a large portion of the procession on a veterans' field-day, and impressed all beholders with a lively sense of what the magnitude of the display would be should the whole strength of the

service pass in review before them.

I have not considered it desirable, for the purposes of this article, to enter into close details. That would carry me too far, and obscure the benefits that may follow a broader survey. Gertain it is, that the citizens do not know as much of their own Fire Department as they might and ought, in justice to themselves as well as their public servants; and if I have thrown even a few feeble rays of light upon the subject, I shall feel that the labor was not wholly in vain.





By W. BURT FOSTER



HAVE ever been a careful student of human nature. Whether or no my studies in this direction have gained me a deeper insight into character, is neither here nor there. I have studied men and women simply

for amusement, as, in fact, I have done most things in my life.

A man with no other object in life than enjoyment, you will say, must indeed find life an excessive bore. You are wrong. The man who studies, who commands armies, who practices statecraft, who builds and governs railways, for pure enjoyment,—he is the Perfect Man. He it is who is most successful in his chosen walk in life. Who could rise in his profession with the weight of a distaste for that profession hanging about his neck? Therefore I, studying human nature from pure enjoyment

of the study, have never found the life I lead a bore.

As you will at once assume, character-studying is not exactly what might be termed a profitable business. There is little pecuniary benefit to be derived from this profession; therefore, that I may enjoy my study in spare hours, I am publicly known as a photographer.

Photographing I detest; but I perform the work because, by its proceeds, I am enabled to follow my more enjoyable occupation. I study my fellow man everywhere,—in my "studio," (where, by the way, few visitors come,) on the street, in the ferry-boats, at the theatre, in the cafés. Wherever men and women are congregated I follow my occupation.

Photographing is a business which has its ups and downs like other professions, and there are times when I find my pocket so low that I am forced to pursue my

amusement in the haunts of those who, like myself, find their pock-

ets at a low ebb.

In good times,—say at the holiday season, or in the spring,-I patronize a very nice casé just around the corner from my studio, on Washington Street. I am well known there, and am always treated most obsequiously by the waiters. But when the summer comes —that is my dull season—I disappear from my accustomed table in the Washington Street café, and slip down to the smaller and less pretentious restaurants on the back streets, where I purchase my modest meals at prices much more befitting my then scanty purse. If you should ask Michael, my waiter at the Houston, why I am not there during the summer months, he would inform you that Monsieur Barry (Michael is French—by cultivation, at least,) is out of town. Faithful fellow! He would never play the traitor to a patron who tips him as liberally as I do when the photographing business is "looking up."

It was on an early July day of last summer that I started out for one of these aimless strolls up and down the dirty, crowded thoroughfares, so full of eager life, and so wretched. When I was a callow youth, and had expectations of inheriting a great fortune from my uncle, (who, now I know, will never die,) I spent quite two years in Europe. There it was I learned photography, (I had tried art, but miserably failed,) became an epicure in the matter of light wines, and acquired that truly foreign habit of taking my coffee several hours before my breakfast. This brought the time for that meal about ten o'clock, and upon this particular morning at that hour I found myself far down the steamboat-landings, where life is at its

noisiest, and the streets at their dirtiest.

I halted before an eating-house. It had an imposing front, painted a flaming yellow, with boards beside the doors, upon which was lettered the "bill of fare." As it was rather cleaner than its neighbors, and refrained from calling itself a "Ladies' and Gents' Restaurant," I entered.

It was not a very cheerful room, despite its brilliantly-painted exterior; but perhaps the bright yellow of the outer walls made the interior, by comparison, seem more

gloomy.

How busy these places always are! If I was a capitalist,—but then, I'm not, and as Time makes no impression on Uncle Jared, I'm not likely to be,—I simply drop this hint here for any one to grasp: money invested in a rightly conducted down-town eating-house should bring in two hundred per cent.

The table was clean, that was one comfort. I know it was clean because there was no cloth upon it, and, therefore, nothing to obstruct my observation of the board. The waiter was a young man, with a well-developed pair of lungs, who roared out my humble order

in calliope tones.

There were several truckmen and teamsters at the tables, taking their late breakfasts, or early dinners, a shipping-clerk or two from the wholesale houses (the freightsteamers had already been in some time), and several women of a nondescript order. This is what I saw at my first casual glance. Then I began to examine my neighbors separately, but had hardly passed the first truckman as a hard-working, hard-drinking, uninteresting sort of a fellow, when the door opened, and another was added to the party.

There entered, with a step that was almost silent and cat-like, a small, lean man, with a dark, ugly face, and arms which at once brought themselves to the notice of even the careless glance. They were exceedingty long arms,-so long that the hands hung almost to his knees,—and the hands were tapering and bony, with fingers like bird-talons, and a growth of rough, bristling black hair on their backs. These long arms and lean hands, together with his hooped shoulders, gave the man an apelike look; for, when in repose, the arms hung from the shoulders much like those of our Simian relatives.

I did not examine the stranger's face until he crept across the room and seated himself at a table a little to the right of my own position. Then it was I discovered how very ugly and beast-like his features were. His chin was prominent, his forehead low and sloping, and made lower still by the mop of coarse hair which fell over it. There were no lines between the man's deepset eyes, but his forehead wrinkled horizontally, as you have seen an ape's, instead of vertically; withal, the skin drawn so tightly over his frontal and cheek-bones was like parchment.

Along his jaw and either side of his flattened nostrils were a few short, bristling hairs, which, with the fierce eyes and the thin, cruel lips, finished off as terrible a picture of depraved humanity as I had ever seen. That the fellow was dressed in a shiny black suit, and that his linen was immaculate, only made his personal appearance more strikingly repulsive.

When be parted his lips to speak to the waiter I saw that his teeth were sharp—almost pointed—and fang-like, but very white. I could not hear what he said to the man, for his voice was not raised above a hoarse whisper; but the waiter, although waiters in down-town restaurants are not usually possessed of delicate nervous organisms, actually seemed afraid of the fellow.

He took his order, and, instead of bawling it out to the cook in the kitchen, went to the window and in a subdued manner repeated it to the bare-armed functionary within.

Meanwhile the dark-faced stranger sat uneasily in his chair, tapping the table nervously with his fork, and occasionally showing his teeth wolfishly. He looked at every one in the room, but not with the air of a man studying his neighbors; I doubt, in fact, if he ever knew how many people there were at the tables, or what they looked like. Occasionally his lips would



Mancha Dominico

part in a silent, horrid grin, and as I gazed I shuddered at the man. I am a strong-nerved individual, I believe, but I thought, whenever I saw that meaningless grin, of a wolf waiting for his victim's death before tearing it to pieces.

My order came before his own, but I had become so strangely fascinated by the man that my eyes hardly left his face as I toyed with the food. Finally his breakfast was brought,—a huge steak with a few vegetables and bread. A still more wolfish gleam came into his eyes as he hitched his chair closer to the table and fell to eating.

The bread and vegetables he pushed disdainfully aside, and, seizing his knife, cut a piece from the steak. The blood fairly ran from the beef, for it was well-nigh as rare as when cut from the sirloin; it had been simply heated through

and browned a little.

It made me shudder again to see the voracity with which he attacked the steak. He cut off enormous mouthfuls, which his sharp, gleaming teeth tore to shreds, and although he made less noise in his eating than most of the uncultured crowd about him, he still attracted everybody's attention. The waiter watched him as though fascinated, and I continued to neglect my own breakfast in my interest in the fellow.

I was finally recalled from my scrutiny of the man by a new arrival, who, after an instant's hesitation, seated herself at my table. At first glance I recognized her as a probable passenger on one of the morning boats,—an International steamer, perhaps, for she certainly appeared unfamiliar with her surroundings, and the modest handbag she carried was not exactly what a city woman would have chosen. Of her age I could tell nothing of a surety, for a thick yeil

completely hid her face; but the neat black dress clothed a graceful, well-rounded figure, which I judged to belong to a woman not past middle life.

It was a relief to the waiter, I think, to shout her order in his most stentorian tones, after the



"Revealing a face strikingly beautiful"

chill which the dark-faced man had given him. The woman shrank a little as he did so, proving herself a stranger to this obnoxious custom, and I knew she blushed beneath the brown veil.

When the viands came she removed the veil, revealing a face strikingly beautiful,—a face such as I would never have expected to meet in this part of the city, unless its owner were on some charitable mission. She recognized her beauty, too; not in an unbecoming



"He had stopped eating, and his fork, with a piece of the almost raw beef upon it, was poised motionless in the air"

way, but quite involuntarily. Had hers been an ugly, or even plain face, she would have turned the brown veil up in a thick, wide fold across her forehead, and thereby made herself look abominably dowdy. Instead, she removed it altogether, revealing a neat little walking-har, set atop of a wealth of short, crisp curls, which the heat of the summer's day only curled the tighter.

Her skin was as soft and fair as a babe's, with the blue veins faintly showing at the temples and at the throat, where a little lace softened the stiff lines of the severely plain dress. Her features were perfectly moulded and fully matured, which is not usual in a girl of eighteen or twenty, as I judged her to be. Her bearing showed such careful training as the poor seldom receive, yet her dress was almost shabby in its plainness.

I was not the only one struck by her beauty. The waiter ogled her with speechless admiration, and waited on her with more deference than he usually showed to patrons of the establishment. One or two others, I noticed, looked at her approvingly, and then my eyes rested upon the face of the strange individual who had at first so strongly attracted my notice.

He had stopped eating, and his fork, with a piece of the almost raw beef upon it, was poised motionless in the air, while his wicked, gleaming eyes rested upon the fair face of the girl. She had not seen him, for her chair was turned to one side; but it was better so. All the horrible lust of the man's soul was staring out of those flaming orbs, and the sight would have frightened her, though I believe she would not have understood it. I could have killed the wretch for that look.

My own breakfast was finished, but I did not go. I could not banish that devilish stare from my mind, and although the fellow did not continue to look her way, I felt that he was plotting mischief.

His ravenous appetite was now appeased, and he sat gazing into his empty plate with his lips parted just a trifle, showing those wolfish fangs beneath the bristling mous-

tache.

The waiter went to him and asked if he would be served further, and in all my life I shall never forget the look which the fellow turned upon him. Such a glance a tiger might give when disturbed in the contemplation of his prey. His parchment-like forehead wrinkled horribly, his deepset eyes glowed with an ominous light, and could a look kill, the poor waiter would have been a corpse.

At that instant the girl arose from the table and adjusted her

veil.

The monster stood up, too, and



"She halted at the stage door"

glanced at her swiftly. Then his eyes met mine, and he must have read in them the fact that I knew his thoughts. For an instant his face became again hideously distorted, and, whether out of fear of me, or fear of the consequences, he dropped back into his seat again, and the girl passed on all unconscious of our little by-play.

So, in fact, I am sure was every one else in the room. I could not help thinking, as I hurriedly caught up my own check and followed the girl to the desk, that the fellow must be wonderfully quick to read faces, for I did not doubt for an instant that he had read mine aright, and I went out with an uncomfortable feeling that I had made an enemy.

The girl turned up town at once, and seeing her consult a memorandum which she drew from her dress pocket, and then glance at the large clock in the jewelry store window on the corner, I judged that she had an appointment.

With unpardonable curiosity I followed her up town, now close, then afar, but always keeping her plain habit, topped by the simple hat and brown veil, in sight. She frequently asked her way, and I noticed that she always picked out elderly, respectable-looking business men of whom to inquire.

Finally she reached a street on which there were few business offices, and, I was positive, no residences. On the corner was a theatre, — one of the variety sort, rather better than the average. Greatly to my astonishment the girl halted at the stage door, and, after an instant's hesitation and a quick glance up and down the street, entered.

Her turning in at the place gave me quite a shock. I am not prudish enough to believe in the total depravity of the stage, and all connected therewith, but I do know that there is untold sin and misery connected with many of its humbler votaries. Yet there had been nothing about the girl to stamp her as one of the profession.

The surprise I felt at discovering her destination brought me to a sudden realization of what I was doing. Here I had been following her for a full half hour for no reason whatever but idle curiosity.

I walked on slowly to the stage entrance. There was a printed card tacked upon the door, which stated that fifty chorus-girls were wanted for the new musical spectacle, "Ali Baba." Doubtless the girl had called here in answer to the manager's advertisement. I experienced a sudden feeling of disgust for the whole affair, and for the girl as well, and walked on quickly.

It is odd how things come about in this humdrum, work-a-day world. Had I not met this fair unknown, and followed her up town, I should doubtless have wandered about the streets till evening, and thereby missed the best contract for work which I had received in many a day. Turning in haste and disgust from the theatre door, I walked quickly to my studio, arriving there in time to find an elderly, bald-headed gentleman pounding energetically at the door.

At the earnest solicitation of this individual I packed my camera and accompanied him to his home out of town—he lived in one of the South Shore villages—remaining two days, during which I photographed his place, and about every living thing upon it. Two weeks later, when the prints were completed and mounted, I found myself in such financial shape as

to be able to appear in my customary place at the Houston.

I had hardly seated myself there upon the first morning of my "return," and Michael had obsequiously welcomed me, when somebody entered the café swiftly, and slapped me heartily on the shoulder. I looked up to see Garrison, an acquaintance whom I manage to meet only when I am in good circumstances. Garrison goes everywhere, knows everybody, and—amuses one.

"Thought you were away as usual, Barry," was his greeting, as he dropped into a seat by my side. "Michael told me so a week ago."

"I'm back again, you see," I responded, coolly. "Don't know how long I can stand it, though. What's going on?"

"'Ali Baba,' at the theatre," he returned, promptly. "It's worth staying in town to see. You must go with me to-night."

I shrugged my shoulders.
"Catch me in a stuffy theatre
this weather—"

"Oh, you wouldn't recognize the place," he interrupted. "It's a regular summer garden. The music is way above the average, and the girls aren't half bad."

"I'll go," I said.

It always was a mystery to me why some people go to the theatre. They never appear to take much interest in the play, but gabble to their neighbors in a most exasperating manner. Garrison is one of these people, and really he becomes rather tiresome at times.

I used my glasses a good deal during the first act, until I had made the discovery which I half feared to make. Yes, she was there, easily recognized despite the costume and the "make-up," among the more ordinary-looking girls of the chorus. To my eyes she looked out of place, though of course it was none of my business.

Meanwhile Garrison was rambling on through a full and complete history, annotated edition, of a frumpy-looking dowager several rows ahead of us, who was piloting two countrified girls in black and white. I didn't care a snap about the woman, but I let him talk on. Garrison doesn't mind if you don't answer him. The sound of his own voice is joy enough.

Suddenly my wandering glass became focussed upon the single occupant of one of the middle tier of boxes. The individual was partially hidden by the curtains of the box, but enough of his profile was revealed to enable me to recognize him at once. It was the strange, inhuman-looking creature I had seen several weeks before in the

down-town restaurant.

The same glaring eyes and prominent teeth,-the same wolfish expression of countenance,and, above all, it took me but a moment to discover that his gaze was fixed upon the very figure in the chorus to which my own attention had been attracted. I could not see the fellow's face plainly, but I could imagine the expression upon it, and the thought made me shudder involuntarily.

"What's the matter?" demanded Garrison, turning from his contemplation of the aforementioned

dowager.

I nodded toward the box, and

passed him the glasses.

"Come, Garrison, you know everybody," I said. "Who is that fellow alone in the box yonder? A man who sports a jewel like that in his shirt (I saw it flash as I spoke) must be somebody.

"Ugh! the beast!" exclaimed Garrison, with a little shiver. "Is

he back in Boston again?"

"Then you do know him?" I cried in surprise.

He looked at me strangely, and

closed the glasses.

"Let's get out of here and talk," he said, in a changed voice. I'm sick of the whole thing. Why did you point that wretch out to me?"

"Who is he?" I demanded, marvelling to see the usually imperturbable fellow so moved.

"Come out," said Garrison, and I arose, nothing loth, and followed

him.

Certainly I had never seen Garrison in such a mood. He was usually the lightest - hearted of mortals, on whom no combination of adverse circumstances seemed to have a dampening effect. But he was absolutely silent until we were ensconced in chairs in the smoking-room.

A sight of that fellow always gives me a turn," he said at length, with a nervous laugh. "I hate to

meet him."

"Then he is not a stranger in

Boston?"

"Is it possible you have never heard of Mancha Dominico?" he asked.

"Never."

"Well, he's known to most men of my acquaintance. We never speak of him if we can help. He was a member of the club once, all through the influence of Cæsar Freelman, who was a charter member. He left him everything he possessed when he died."

"When who died?" I demanded.

sharply.

"Well, I am mixing my grammar, that's a fact," exclaimed Garrison, with another laugh, yet puffing savagely on his cigar. "It's quite a story; a mighty distasteful one, too. But I might as well tell you. You knew Cæsar Freelman?"

"Yes," I said.

"Then you doubtless know how peculiar he was? A wandererthey said it was in his blood. He was as rich as a pork pie, but there was gypsy blood in his veins. He'd be here in Boston one day, the next on his way to Africa, or the Antarctic Ocean. But it's not his

story I'm telling.

"One time Freelman was coming home from Europe. There was one of Barnum's agents on the steamer, who was bringing a young gorilla, or orang-outang, along with some other animals, from Germany; a savage fellow,-the orang-outang, I mean, not the agent. He got away during the voyage, got into the steerage, and frightened the emigrants half to death.

"The day before the steamer came into quarantine at New York, one of the steerage passengers gave birth prematurely to a child, and died. Freelman, who was always prowling about among people, no matter how high or how low in the social scale they were, took an interest in the father of the child, and obtained work for him after they landed. About two years afterward the elder Dominico was knifed in some 'dive' near 'the Cove,' and Freelman took the boy.

"He was a perfect little beast even then," and Garrison shud-"The older he grew the dered. more pronounced the birthmark became. Freelman was a man much given to studying human nature. He took young Mancha, an offspring of the slums-the lowest of the low-and determined to rear him as though he had been born to luxury, just to mark the effect, I presume. When he died, six years ago, he left all his property, including his place up town (which is never open now unless Dominico is at home) to his protégé. That is the story."

"And I never knew you tell one so poorly," I said, coolly. "It strikes me you have skipped all the details."

"Ugh! why shouldn't I? The fellow is a beast. Do you know," and Garrison sunk his voice almost to a whisper, "I doubt if he is

human,-I do indeed."

"Why do you say that?"

Garrison lay back in his chair, and blew a cloud of smoke from his

"What a persistent fellow you are, Barry. None of the men ever talk about Dominico. It was bad enough to have him a member of the club a few years ago. Just as soon as old Freelman shuffled off this mortal coil we dumped his protégé.

"Freelman wasted a mint of money on his education, but the fellow had such low tastes and passions that no amount of culture could benefit him. He used to prowl about the lowest 'dives' in the city, they said; it was true

enough, too."

"But you really know nothing

criminal of him?" I said.

"Criminal!" repeated Garrison, "of course not. But he is utterly heartless, and without an atom of sensitiveness. I've seen both traits, or, rather, the lack of them,illustrated on more than one occasion. I've seen more of the fellow than I ever want to again."

Garrison shook himself, pitched his cigar into the ash-box, and stood up. Seeing that he really objected to talking about the man, I refrained from pressing him fur-

We had remained some time in the smoking-room. The piece was now nearly ended, and, instead of going back to our chairs, we moved slowly toward the exit. Half-way down the stairs Garrison seized my arm.

"Look there," he said.

Just ahead of us I recognized the hooped shoulders of Mancha Dominico. He appeard to notice nobody on the stairs, but went directly down and out upon the sidewalk. We were close behind him, Garrison trying to hold me back.

"What's the matter with you, Barry," he muttered in my ear. "Let that fellow get ahead. If he sees me, like enough he'll come back and claim acquaintance."

The opera was ended now, and the people were beginning to pour out of the several exits. Dominico had turned hurriedly toward the corner of the theatre beyond which I knew the stage exit to be. I must see the thing out, I told myself.

"Garrison," I said, "I want to see more of that fellow. I'm going to follow him a few minutes. You can come or not; just as you choose."

"Oh, I'll go, providing you are not too long. A little supper at the Houston wouldn't be a bad windup. But, what you see in that beast-'

"Come on, and I'll show you

something," I said.

There were a few men hanging about the stage door, but Dominico was not in sight. I drew Garrison into a doorway. He stared at me in wonderment.

"Old man," said he, "you're getting touched. This hot weather is too much for you. You'd better get out of town again just as quick-

ly as possible."

But I was in no mood for chaff-I knew that Dominico was near at hand somewhere, and was sure to show himself when the girl

She was one of the first to leave the theatre. Her face was partially hidden, but I knew her at once. She hurried through the little group on the walk, and a moment later passed the doorway where we stood. The light was better here, and shone full in her face.

"By jove!" muttered Garrison, in my ear; "did you see that girl? She was a perfect beauty.

she in the chorus?"

I made no reply, for at that instant a figure darted out of a doorway across the street and walked hurriedly on, keeping pace with the girl.

"There he is!" I exclaimed, and pulled my companion by the arm.

"Who is it? Dominico, eh?" "Yes; and he's after that woman-the scoundrel!'

"Look here, Barry, I'm afraid you'll get us into a row," muttered Garrison; but he did not turn back.

The girl walked swiftly homeward, evidently living so near that she did not care to ride from the theatre. But there was a bad piece of street just ahead, -dark and untravelled at this time of night. The stooping figure on the other sidewalk crossed over, and I hastened my step.

"That's his game, is it?" murmured Garrison, at this manœuvre.

The girl stopped and uttered a slight scream. Dominico had laid a hand upon her arm. The blood boiled in my veins. I remembered the look on the monster's face that day in the eating-house. I was at his side in an instant, and struck him with all my strength.

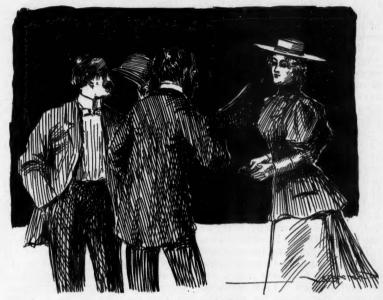
He rolled like a log into the gutter, while Garrison stood behind me and softly applauded. The fellow arose after a moment, gave me a single sharp glance, and, without

a word, slunk away.

"Thank you," said the girl, simply; hardly, I think, raising

her eyes to my face.

I did not seek to detain her, but we stood there while she hastened on and entered a very respectable-look-



"'Thank you,' said the girl, simply"

ing house half a block further on. Then Garrison slipped his arm through mine and laughed.

"Oh, come away, my gallant knight," he said. "There are no more chorus-girls to defend to-night. Let's go and have supper."

But while we were eating,—or at least, while he was eating, for I simply played with the food,—he broke off in his rambling talk and eyed me with sudden sharpness.

"See here, Barry," he said, how was it you knew Dominico was after that girl?"

I took Garrison's advice and went "out of town" again the next day. I believe that it was the first time in my experience that I disappeared from my table at the Houston when my finances were not low. Somehow I had taken a more than ordinary interest in that

girl, and I wanted to learn more about her.

I knew well enough Mancha Dominico would not give up his intentions so easily. Doubtless he thought my interference a chance one. There are many ways in which a villain can annoy a defenceless girl. I had no right to constitute myself her guardian, but I did.

My life has been, for the most part, a lonely one. Especially has it been devoid of the influence of womankind. I can just remember my mother. She was a sweet lady, and her memory is more sacred to me than are many men's shrines. Because of her memory I have respected the sacredness of all womankind; though, God knows, I have seen enough in my long years of wandering to make me doubt that old-fashioned belief.

Call it quixotic if you will. I became that girl's guardian, despite the fact of its being none of my business what became of her. Night after night I dogged her steps from the theatre. I had a raft of old togs-cast-offs of my artist days-in my studio, and it was not always in the same character that I kept her in view.

The man Dominico was on hand, too. Somehow he couldn't give her up, although something always interfered when he sought to accost the girl. I thought he would give in ere long, but the scoundrel's persistence was surprising. And the joke of it was, the girl hadn't the first suspicion that she was being followed by either of us.

The photographing business was particularly dull that summer, and it was quite fortunate that I did go "out of town." I just managed to worry along upon the proceeds of that South Shore contract.

I had stepped out of an eatinghouse one forenoon about eleven o'clock, when the startling cry of "Fire!" was raised scarcely two blocks away. I hurried forward with the crowd and secured a position in a doorway, nearly opposite the scene of the conflagration. The officers drove back the throng, but, somehow, I was not disturbed.

The fire must have been under considerable headway when discov-The flames were already spurting through the lower windows, and the yellow smoke poured up between the high brick blocks in a thick funnel. Soon the crackling of the flames deadened the shouts of the firemen.

Most of the occupants of the house (the upper stories were evidently used as small tenements, or lodgings, ) had fled before I arrived; but the firemen assisted several belated individuals to escape from the

heat and smoke.

"All out?" demanded a burly fellow, of a motherly-looking Irishwoman whom he helped across the street to my doorway.

"Sure, I'm not certain of that," declared the woman. "Has any of yez seen my boarder? She's a guyrl-she sings in the theatre beyant, an' slapes most of the forenoon. D'ye mind her now? Hers is th' room in the corner there."

Her words fairly startled me. I ran out of the doorway and glanced up and down the street to get my bearings. In the excitement and confusion I had not recognized the place. A sudden fear smote me as I made the discovery that the conflagration was situated in the very building where the girl boarded.

The corner room in the second story had not been touched by the fire as yet. All the windows in that story opened directly upon a ledge, at least eighteen inches in width, which ran the length of the building just above the tall show-windows of the stores beneath. would be an easy matter, I thought, to place a ladder against this ledge, and make an entrance into the second story.

But while this plan swiftly formed itself in my brain a man broke through the guard-line, dodged an officer who sought to stop him, and sped across the street to the entrance of the burning structure. He passed me swiftly, but there was no mistaking his flying figure. It was Mancha Dominico, his hat off, his coat flying, his ugly face working like a maniac's as he

The crowd shouted hoarsely, the firemen yelled for him to come back; but he disappeared through the smoking doorway, and almost immediately, it seemed, a great cloud of flame belched forth, and we knew his retreat was cut off.

At this late day I cannot analyze



" It was the face of a brute which peered down at us through the riffs of smoke and flame "

my feelings, and at the time I did not stop to analyze them. I believed the girl was shut into that hell of flame and smoke, and I knew that Dominico had gone for her.

I turned my eyes toward the window of the corner room, and was not disappointed in my expectation. In a few moments there was a heavy crash, and the man appeared, beating out the sash with a chair. A few strokes cleared the opening, and he pitched the chair after the débris.

Smoke spurted from the walls, and the light of the fire was behind him, throwing his stooping, apelike figure into horrid relief. The interior of the house was ready to

fall at any moment.

For an instant he disappeared from the window. The crowd groaned, but I knew he had not been overpowered. Then they cheered. He stepped out upon the ledge bearing the girl, whom he had wrapped hastily in a blanket.

"A ladder!" somebody shouted; but upon trial the tangle of wires at the corner of the building pre-

vented the use of one.

Somebody ran for a life-net, but who could brave the fearful heat

long enough to hold it?

Dominico's face worked horribly. He saw that he was cut off, and that the only thing to do was to jump, but he feared that.

The heat must have been terrific on that ledge. I saw the girl's face once; it was like death. The next instant the man raised her in his arms, burying his own face in the folds of the blanket, and ran along the ledge. Each instant I feared to see him plunge headlong to the ground with his burden.

Suddenly he stopped again. A wide sheet of flame shot out of a window just before him, shutting off his further progress. And, above the crackling of the fire,

and the "swish-swish!" of the water, resounded the crash of falling beams. The interior of the house was collapsing; would the outer walls fall with it?

Crash followed crash in quick succession. The front wall of the structure tottered, and the corner crumbled away. Yet the figure clinging to the ledge. when the smoke had rolled past, was still there. It was marvellous.

But it could not last longer. Dominico still crouched there, hugging the girl to his breast, his eyes glaring wildly, his whole face transfixed in a horrid, beastly grin. Even the little resemblance to humanity which he usually possessed had disappeared. It was the face of a brute which peered down at us through the rifts of smoke and flame.

His clothing was half burned or torn away, revealing his hairy breast and arms. Naught of humanity remained but these poor rags clinging to the crouching form. He snarled like a wild beast as he clung to the iron stanchions, gnashing his teeth and chattering.

But it was only for a moment. Another portion of the wall fell. He arose, still bearing his burden, tottered an instant on the ledge, and then lost his balance.

I ran forward through the rain of falling bricks and fire-brands, and reached the side of the inert mass upon the sidewalk. A fireman was there before me, and seized the bundle of broken bones and burned flesh which had once been Mancha Dominico. I followed him back from the tottering wall with that other still, blanketed figure in my arms.

"Dead as a door-nail! Poor devil!" exclaimed the man, laying his burden with some tenderness upon the hard stone flagging.

"How's the girl?"

I laid her down, and turned back the blanket with palpitating heart. Not a breath of the fire had touched her fair, calm face.

But with ruder hand the fireman pulled the blanket away from her body. There was a great spot of crimson on her white night robe.

I bent closer, and placed my hand on the heart. There was a horrid, gaping wound in her throat where the monster's teeth had met in the flesh, and she was dead. I found those who knew the name she had gone by. Her past was a blank. It was a pity to see her entirely friendless, even in death, so I had her buried; a plain stone with her name upon it, marks her grave. But I was forced to remain "out of town" until late in the fall that year.

They are quarrelling now over the possession of Mancha Dominico's property, and a doubt as to his being a man like other men seems never to enter the lawyers' minds.



## THE EDUCATION OF BOSTON'S FOREIGN ENT

By LEO WIENER



HE educational advantages enjoyed by the foreign element in Boston vary with the different nationalities, and depend on previ-

ous training in their native homes, and on their general susceptibility to culture. Some persist in their intellectual torpitude, while others give promise of a high degree of development; and we find the tide rising from the mental indifference of the Syrians, to the intellectual avidity of the Russian Jews.

The great desideratum that the foreigners should amalgamate themselves with the American people in manners of life and habits of thought, can be of any real value only if the accretion will improve, and not deteriorate, the nation as it now is. Hence we must be guarded not to demand impetuously that they forthwith abandon their peculiarities, their language

and home-life, and become Americans. When we deal with the lower classes it is preferable to give them time to change gradually, under the influence of the all-powerful American institutions, before they are to become an inseparable part of the body politic; otherwise they might serve only to increase the dregs of society; and, indeed, in the majority of cases, the younger generation departs from the habits of their parents, whereas, any undue pressure brought to bear upon the foreign element, keeps the young people in closer contact with their families.

The formation of foreign schools, whether secular or religious, the study of foreign literatures and history, are, therefore, not to be discouraged. This is especially true in the case of the northern—the Teutonic—races, as an intimate knowledge of the language of their fatherland not only does not impede their easy adaptability to the life of their Anglo-Saxon cousins,

but quickens and improves their appreciation of the newly-acquired

English language.

The southern nations resident in Boston are, as a rule, recruited from the illiterate classes at home. ignorant of school discipline and apathetic to all that passes the horizon of their material wants. They cling to their old habits, congregate in compact colonies, and, as long as they speak their native idioms, perpetuate their separate existences. Their native schools are, for the present at least, not likely to exercise a wholesome influence, as they cannot get hold of their children in the manner of the Teutonic schools, and they are not to be encouraged. The salvation of the Italian and Portuguese lies alone in the English-speaking institutions, in American schools. Even their Sunday-schools ought to be conducted in English as soon as practicable.

In the course of this essay we shall find that the abstract views laid down in the introduction, are generally recognized by the intelligent leaders of the foreign settlements here as having practical bearings, and are, as a rule, applied by them with excellent success. They recognize that their prime mission consists in making good citizens, even of degraded men; and if they widely differ in their methods, it is done with the full conviction that they are best

adapted to their people.

There are several sources of education open to the foreigners,—the public schools, parochial schools, Sunday-schools, missionary evening schools, and newspapers. The children attend the first two, and, except for a greater or smaller mental development, soon become one with the American element in public schools. In Sunday-schools, both adults and chil-



A Book-Store in Salem Street

dren have an opportunity-often the only opportunity-of learning the English language of the book style; and, in case of those held in foreign languages, of learning their native languages from books. The missions have of late come to the conviction that the best work they can do among those they wish to convert, is to give them useful instruction, especially in the English language. They reach the grown men and women, for whom there is no provision made elsewhere, and the ever-increasing attendance testifies to the sagacity of this policy. To many of the adults, especially the new arrivals, there is no other channel left open for information than what they receive through their newspapers.



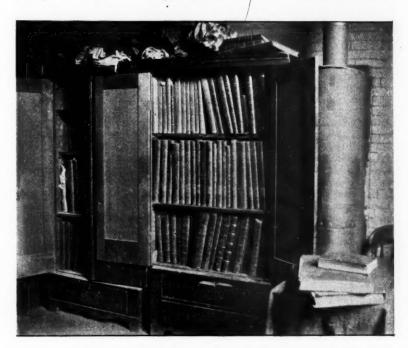
Russian Jews Studying their Talmud in a Room Attached to the Synagogue in Baldwin Place

Hence these must be also considered in a scheme of education.

Little need be said of the British constituent of our population. Their children attend either the public schools, where they in no way differ from native children, or, where religious reasons preponderate, form the bulk of numbers in the parochial schools. A small number of intelligent Irishmen have banded themselves together under the name of the Philo-Celtic Society, for the purpose of encouraging the study of the Celtic language among children and adults of Irish parentage. Their undertaking is commendable, both for the sake of preserving the venerable idiom of their learned ancestors, and because, by studying their own history through native sources, they gain a wider view of things, and more liberal views. Their official organ, "The Irish Echo," has been temporarily suspended. Another society, the Gaelic, consists of old men, who come together once a month and relate some popular story in the original Celtic. These are written out and translated by their secretary, and may some day serve to add something to the knowledge of Irish folk-lore. Their activity is evidenced by the late circular-letter sent to the leading universities of this country, in which they ask for the establishment of chairs of Celtic language and literature. It is to be hoped that some wealthy institution will not forego the opportunity of encouraging the study of this subject in this, the greater Ireland, for it soon may be too late, and Irish will share the fate of Cornish.

The Scotch-Gaelic language is kept up by Canadian and Nova Scotian Scotchmen resident here, and their services and Sundayschool are all in their native idiom. There are said to be nine hundred actual members in their church. The Germans are, probably, twenty thousand strong, and seven thousand of them are Catholics. The children of Protestant parents attend the public schools, while five hundred of the Catholic children go to the two parochial schools, where German and English are taught on an equal basis. The thoroughness of these schools is best attested by the fact that a year ago ninety per cent. of their pupils examined for entrance in the public high schools passed

their examination, while only sixty per cent. of grammar school pupils were equally fortunate. The German population belongs preponderatingly to the laboring and artisan classes, with but limited ambition for culture: hence but few of their children advance to high schools, and fewer yet to universities and professional schools. With some memorable exceptions, literary pursuits are at a low ebb among the Germans of Boston, and the only German paper, "Der Boston Telegraph," with its weekly edition, "New England Staaten Zeitung," published here, is of a purely local character, without any literary pretensions. The Sunday-schools are well attended, those of the Catholic churches



A Corner in the Study of the Synagogue



A Group of Armenian Students

numbering nearly three thousand persons. The instruction is in German, and, though of a religious nature, serves to rectify the many dialectic variations to be found here.

The Swedes claim five thousand souls in five different churches. Their children all attend the public schools, where they are industrious and make good progress. They learn their native language at home, and get a grammatical knowledge of Swedish in a summer school during the months of July and August, held in the Lutheran Church (Emmanuel) on Esmeralda Street. The Sunday-school, where the instruction is all in Swedish, is attended by about one hundred children. There are but few Swedish boys at Harvard, but there are many of them in business colleges, and in high schools. Though most Swedes are mechanics or servants, they manage to support two local papers, "The Argus," an independent weekly, Weckob-"Osterns lad" (Eastern weekly), devoted to religion, temperance, and general news; besides, the Lutheran church publishes a pamphlet. monthly "The Luther-Bladet." Another paper, "Scandinavia," is published conjointly in Worcester and Boston.

The Norwegians, of whom there are probably 2,500 here, are generally small tradesmen. They live widely scattered, and disappear in the mass of the American population. Their children have the same

characteristics as their Swedish neighbors, and attend the same schools. There is a select society of Dano-Norwegians, who cultivate the study of Norwegian literature, and it is from one of these that the statement came that the intellectual status of his countrymen in Boston must be gauged by their knowledge of their own native tongue, and that their English improved in proportion as they cultivated Norwegian. Though the Norwegian Sunday-school connected with the church on the corner of Shawmut Avenue and Waltham Street is attended by but twenty-five children, the language is nevertheless taught in the homes of the better families. There are but few Danes here, and their in-tellectual condition is the same as that of the Norwegians.

The Romance element is represented by about 25,000 Italians, 8,000 Portuguese, 2,000 French-

men, and 100 of the Spanish race. The latter consists of Cubans, Spaniards, Maroccoans, and South Americans. There are but four or five families; the rest are unmarried men, who tenaciously cling to the Spanish language. The French colony, mainly Acadians and Canadians, live scattered over the city, and show no ambition to perpetuate their language. Their children attend public and Irish parochial schools, but few come to the French Sunday-school held in the church of Notre Dame des Victoires, on Isabella Street.

The Portuguese send their children almost exclusively to the public schools, as they look with disfavor on the parochial schools. It is their aim to become quickly Americanized, and though belonging to the poorer class of inhabitants of the Azores, are developing here a great intellectual activity. A number of them have received a higher education in Boston, and several physicians among them have studied here. Their comparative indifference to their own religion, as well as their desire to be regarded as Americans, accounts probably for the little success the missions have among them, the one in the Baptist Bethel Church having been entirely abandoned. The Portuguese language is not cultivated by them, not even in the Sunday-school of the Church of St. John the Baptist, in North Bennet Street.

The condition of the Italians is very hopeful. Many of their children are to be found in grammar and high schools, where they frequently excel and win prizes. By far the most who cling to the Catholic faith send their children to the parochial schools, where 1,200 of them are to be found. Often the parents are actuated not so much by religious fervor as by the fact

that they can easily withdraw their children from the parish schools to let them earn some money, while irregularities are discouraged in public schools. In the Church of San Marco (of the Sacred Heart of Jesus), the Sunday-school is carried on in Italian; in that of the Franciscan Fathers (St. Leonard's of Port Morris), in English exclusively to the younger generation. The rector of the latter, Rieto di Ubaldo, encourages his people to send their people to school, whether public or parochial, and is proud of the success some of them are accomplishing in grammar and high schools. He believes that the Italians in this country must be taught to become good Americans, and he regrets that the lawless minority of Apuleians and Calabrians at present are doing so much to injure the name of the honest, hardworking Italians. When asked why the Sunday-school in the Church of San Marco was carried on in Italian, he answered, with a leer in his eye: "Because the priests have not yet learned to speak English."

However, the Franciscan Fathers reach but a small number of their race. Many of them have entirely strayed from the flock. When the writer approached a crowd of Italians in front of the church, with the question where the priest was to be found, one of them answered, that he knew more about saloons than about churches, which statement could not be doubted in the least. A few others are reached by the two missions, one Congregational, the other Methodist, both on Hanover Street. The first intends to increase its educational usefulness by putting into the hands of the Sunday and evening school teachers, English lessons with Italian explanations, so as to become more intelligible to their pupils. It

also exerts an educational influence by maintaining a Saturday sewing-school, attended by about eighty Italian girls of the poorer class. The kindergarten in connection with the Bethel Baptist Church is doing good work among the Portuguese, Italians, and Russian Jews, the latter forming about half the number of the school.

An Italian school, offering instruction in Italian branches and handiwork, and under the guidance of a school-mistress but lately arrived from Italy, has been established, but so far it is not well attended. Two bookstalls minister to the literary taste of a questionable character of such Italians in the North End as do read their language, and the weekly newspaper, 'Il Corriere di Boston," is their organ, while "L'Unione," published by the Congregational Mission, is of a religious character, though some political news is also given. Of late a better class of Italians have begun to immigrate, and with them there will come better English, as well as greater demand for Italian studies.

The Poles of South Boston send their children to the public schools. The colony is young, and so far none have taken to advanced stud-They hope soon to add a Polish evening school to the Sunday-school, now taught in their newly-built Church of Our Lady of Chenstochow, on Boston Street. So, too, the Lithuanians expect soon to add a Sunday-school to their services held in the German Church of the Trinity, in order to cultivate the Lithuanian language The scatamong their children. tered Slavonians and Bohemians have no means of maintaining their nationalities and languages, and send their children to the American schools.

The Russian Jews form the most

interesting part of the foreign population in regard to education. All their children attend schools; they are to be found in grammar and high schools, in professional schools and in universities, and they are better students than the average. Many of their parents, in addition to this, send their boys to Jewish schools, where they study to read understandingly, Hebrew and the complicated ritual of the synagogue. The largest of these schools, The Talmud Thora Hebrew Free School, is maintained by private donations, and has a three-years course. The school is in operation from four till seven o'clock in the evening during the school year, thus making it possible for the children to attend both schools. This school is open during the summer from nine to twelve o'clock in the morning and is well attended. There is another such school in Salem Street, and the wealthier have private teachers for their chil-The innate desire for intellectual pursuits which characterizes the Russian Jew, is well illustrated by the aged orthodox men among them, who mostly any day may be found poring over the Talmud in some room attached to the synagogue in Baldwin Place.

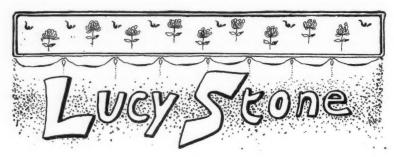
The Judeo-German language is kept up in every-day intercourse, and two papers are published in this language in Boston. Three bookstalls on Salem Street furnish the Jews with an abundance of Hebrew and Judeo-German literature, but the latter language will soon be a thing of the past, as the children speak preferably English.

The other nationalities are present in small numbers, and, with the exception of the three or four hundred Syrians, are here generally without families. Although the city evening schools furnish a Greek and an Armenian teacher for

the Greeks and Armenians, they do not take advantage of the opportunity, and attend the schools but poorly. At the same time the Armenians furnish a larger number of students to the professional schools and colleges than any other nationality in proportion to their numbers. The Chinese who attend Sundayschools do so entirely for the pur-

pose of learning English, in which, however, they never advance very far. Other nationalities are present here in vanishingly small numbers, and, as is the case of the Japanese, come to Boston to pursue advanced studies. These do not form part of the permanent population, and have not been considered in the summary.





By Maria S. Porter



MONG the noble and gifted women of our country who have won the right to the title of representative, Lucy Stone held the

foremost rank, not only for her lifelong efforts to obtain justice for women, and her absolute fidelity to her chosen work, but also for her many years of eloquent pleading and writing in behalf of the slaves of the South. What a life of beneficence was hers! As a young woman she stood on the anti-slavery platform beside Garrison, Phillips, Quincy, Whittier, Sewall, Emerson, the Grimke sisters, Lucretia Mott, Abby Kelly, and a host of other bright particular stars in the moral firmament of our past. We shall never forget the work for humanity done by our famous dead. Our calendar of saints is a long one,-God be thanked for it !- and we shall hold them ever in holy remembrance.

Lucy Stone began her public work by "feeling for those in bonds as bound with them." I can recall with great distinctness the occasion on which I first saw and heard her speak. It was in Faneuil Hall, at an indignation meeting called by

prominent representatives of the anti-slavery party, to protect certain fugitive slaves who had escaped in the hold of a vessel, and whose masters had sent their base emissaries to Boston to drag the poor creatures back to bondage. They had suffered intensely from cold, hunger, and cramping pains in their dirty and confined quarters wherein they had crawled as "stowaways;" their presence there known only to one friendly and kind-hearted sailor among the crew. Through almost deadly perils they had at last reached the North, their longed-for freedom almost attained, when their dastardly masters had given orders, through letters, to have sulphur burnt in the hold (where it was suspected the runaways were hidden), in order to smoke them out. The imperilled negroes bore unflinchingly this new horror; the woman was supplied with wet cloth to breathe through to prevent her from coughing, by the sailor friend whose heart was moved to pity. At last, under cover of the darkness, they all escaped, found friends among the abolitionists of Boston, and were at the meeting in the old Cradle of Liberty, seated upon the platform with Garrison, Phillips, and Edmund Quincy, of

blessed memory. In the gallery sat Charles Sumner, with Fredrika Bremer, the Swedish novelist, as his guest. This was before the passage of the infamous Fugitive Slave Law, in the days when the mob-spirit oftentimes ruled the hour, and hisses were sometimes intermingled with applause. The audience on that memorable evening was composed largely of abolitionists, with a sprinkling of proslavery people. In faltering tones and simple negro dialect, the men told of their former attempts to escape, that had been foiled by cruel bloodhounds, and still more cruel masters. I remember one of the men gave a graphic account of his crossing a river, while the men employed to catch him were in full pursuit. "There I sat," said he, in a boat, with only one pair of oars, and rowed and rowed with all my might, to reach the vessel that would bear me to a land of freedom, where my wife and child were waiting for me. I saw my pursuers coming after me, rowing with three pairs of oars. They nearly caught me, but the great God above saw me and helped me. I've gained my freedom, and am here to-night with my wife and child." A shout of applause went up after this speech, and then there came forward upon the platform a young woman in a simple white gown, whose fair round face, shaded with light brown hair, was aglow with feeling. She led by the hand a negro woman, who was trembling with emotion. A profound stillness filled the hall as Lucy Stone, for she it was, told in words replete with eloquent power, with a voice sweet, clear, and full of tenderness, the piteous story; told of the mental and physical suffering of the poor slave-woman, deprived of sacred rights by inhuman laws; of her brutal exposure and sale upon the auction-block; of her imperilled life, of her brave escape; and when at last the heart-thrilling tale of wrong ended, she, with cheeks aflame with emotion, laid her soft white hand on the dusky brow of the woman beside her, and in tones full of tender sympathy, said, "God bless you, my sister!" tears came into "eyes unused to weep," and countless hearts throbbed in response, while many there determined from that time forth to work with voice and pen to right a mighty wrong. Never in all the years since then has the sweet-



LUCY STONE, At the Age of Twenty Years

voiced eloquence of Lucy Stone made a profounder impression. Her appeal for protection to the fugitives was followed by stirring ones from Garrison and Edmund Quincy; then came Wendell Phillips. Never had the lips of our "silver-tongued orator" fitter theme for his fervid eloquence. The pathos of his plea for the protection of, and assistance to, the poor fugitives from slavery, is indescribable, as well as the effect upon the assemblage, as he hurled his scathing denunciations against those inhuman masters, upbraiding our recreant Northern statesmen who were servilely wearing the yoke imposed upon them by the slavepower of the South; pouring forth, at the close, an impassioned appeal to all who had hearts to feel for suffering humanity, that they should then and there realize the shame as well as the peril of the national crime. "Wendell Phillips's speech was masterly,"



LUCY STONE, At the Age of Twenty-Five Years

said Charles Sumner to me some years afterwards, in speaking of the historic interest of that scene, and of the profound impression made upon him by the eloquence of Lucy Stone. After the meeting he requested the favor of an introduction to her, and after complimenting her highly upon her remarkable gift of eloquence, gave a bouquet of flowers to the negro woman, in which was enclosed a ten-dollar bill.

When my turn came to be presented to Lucy Stone, Mr. Garrison laughingly said, "This young woman was born an abolitionist; she read 'The Liberator' as soon as she had mastered her primer and spelling-book." My acquaintance with Lucy Stone, which began that evening in profound admiration, as the years went by became friendship warm and true; the benignant smile, the words of affectionate greeting, the hearty sympathy, the tenderness, the absolute sincerity of her loving words coming from her heart, were ever a benediction to all who were blest with her friendship.

Lucy Stone was born in the pleasant town of West Brookfield, Mass., August 13, 1818. Her father was a farmer, of the rigid conservative school in religion, who was fully imbued with the idea of man's superiority to woman, and of the right of husbands to rule over their wives. From her father she inherited her sturdy common sense, her resolute will, and indomitable perseverance. Her mother was a woman of marked intellectual ability, with great discrimination of character, and Lucy's inheritance from her was gentleness, clear moral sense, religious sentiment, and unswerving fidelity to the principles of justice. From early womanhood she had a profound conviction that the equal participation of women with men in the field of human activity is essential to the highest interests of both sexes, and to the public welfare. Although the father of Lucy was a prosperous farmer, yet every one upon the farm had hard work to His wife milked eight cows the evening before Lucy was born, and when she was told of the sex of the new baby, exclaimed in a pathetic, regretful manner, "Oh! I am so sorry it is a girl; a woman's life is so hard!"

From girlhood Lucy had a strong desire for a collegiate education, and could see no reason why she should not have the same advantages as her brothers. They

were to go to college, —why should not she? Her father had assisted them, but when asked by his wife to do the same by Lucy, who, as she informed him, wished to go to college, exclaimed, " Is the child crazy?" To his daughter he said, "Your mother only learned to read, write, and cipher; if that was enough for her, it should be enough for you." denied Thus all pecuniary assistance from her father, the self-reliant girl determined to earn the money; and so she picked berries and chestnuts, and sold them to buy books

For some years she taught school, studying and teaching alternately. At last, offer persistent effort

after persistent effort, many hardships, close economy, and hard study, she was fitted for college; but where was the college that admitted young women? At Oberlin, Ohio, one was found at last, and there she went. She soon attained a high rank of scholarship. To show the feeling in regard to the appearance of women as speakers before the public, during her college course, she used to relate the following story:

Oberlin was a strong anti-slavery town, and many fugitive slaves settled there. On the first day of August, the anniversary of the emancipation of the slaves in the West Indies, the colored people got up a celebration, and invited the president of the college and some of the professors to make



HENRY B. BLACKWELL

speeches; and as "Miss Lucy," as they called her, was a great favorite among them for her many deeds and words of kindness, they invited her to come and talk too. She went and made her address, among the rest, and thought no more about it. The next day she was summoned before the Ladies' Board, and the President's wife said, "Did you not feel yourself very much out of place up there on the platform among all those men? Were you not embarrassed and frightened?" "Why, no, Mrs. Mahan," she answered, "those men were President Mahan and my Professors whom I meet every day in the classroom: I was not afraid of them at all." She was allowed to depart, with an admoni-

At the end of her college course she was chosen to write an essay for Commencement, but was told that one of the professors would have to read it for her, as it was not proper for a woman to read her own essay in public. The sensible young woman declined to write the essay unless she could read it. Nearly forty years afterwards, when Oberlin College celebrated its semicentennial, she was invited, as one of its most famous graduates.

to be one of the

speakers.

After she was graduated she gave her first lecture on woman's rights in the pulpit of her brother's church in Gardner, Mass. Soon after this she began to lecture as an agent of the Anti - Slavery Society. She travelled over the New England, Middle, and Western States, speaking with acknowledged ability and great persuasive-

ness of manner; often convincing, but oftener still meeting with fierce opposition, and the brutal mobspirit which prevailed so extensively in those benighted years, when to acknowledge one's self an abolitionist, the friend and supporter of Garrison and Phillips, was to incur, in almost every instance, so-

cial ostracism.

In her early work as an antislavery lecturer, Lucy Stone encountered, with heroic courage and uncompromising firmness, howling mobs and danger of death even, in her unflinching loyalty to duty and humanity. In the darkest hours of that fearful conflict with slavery,

she never lost her purely feminine qualities. The conscience of the North seemed seared, and hard as The press, the pulpit, the stone. community in general, met all appeals of the abolitionists with scoffs, scorn, or frowning reprobation. The utterances of Garrison and Wendell Phillips had stung the upholders of slavery to frenzy; yet without regard to personal consequences, brave Lucy Stone told the people of the fearful wrong

they were doing, as she went from city to city and into nearly every considerable village on her mission of humanity. As her nature was full of tenderness and compassion, the rare pathos of her descriptions of the wrongs of the slaves, - downtrodden, helpless, trampled under the foot of arbitrary power, wrung with ceaseless torture of heart when they were torn from each



ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

other to be sold at the auctionblock like cattle, and separated forever,—these descriptions oftentimes moved those who came to scoff to tears of sympathy; for the tones of her voice, and the powers of persuasion which she possessed in so great a degree, exercised an influence over her listeners, and carried conviction to hearts that had been unmoved before. With absolute fidelity and heroic self-abnegation, she devoted herself to the work of awakening the people to a sense of their duty in regard to slavery,-that "sum of all villanies," as John Wesley termed it.

Lucy Stone always mixed a great



Residence of Lucy Stone, Pope's Hill, Dorchester

deal of "woman's rights" with her anti-slavery lectures. Her daughter has told, in her sketch of her mother's life-work, that, "One night, after her heart had been deeply stirred on the woman question, she put into her lecture so much of "woman's rights," and so little of anti-slavery, that Rev. Samuel May, the agent of the Anti-Slavery Society who arranged her meetings, felt obliged to tell her that, on the anti-slavery platform, this would not do. She answered, 'I know it, but I could not helpit; I was a woman before I was an abolitionist, and I must speak for the women.' "

In most of the towns where she lectured no woman had ever spoken in public before, and curiosity attracted large audiences to hear her. It is well known that the prevailing idea of a woman's-rights advocate was, in those days, that of a tall, scrawny woman, with short

hair, masculine manners, a loud voice, a nasal twang, and who abused and scolded the men. In Lucy Stone was seen a small woman with quiet, modest manners, a winning presence, and the sweetest voice ever heard, who made no attempt at oratory, but whose earnestness, simplicity, utter forgetfulness of self, combined with great personal magnetism, swayed her audiences as a summer wind bends a field of grass. Often mobs would listen to her when they would howl at every other speaker. An illustration of this was given at an anti-slavery meeting held down on Cape Cod, in a grove where a platform had been erected for the speakers. A large number of people had assembled, but it was so menacing a crowd, so mob-like of aspect, and violence seemed to hover in the air so surely, that several of the speakers felt alarmed and quietly left, until only two re-



Marble Bust of Lucy Stone Presented to Mr. Henry B. Blackwell by the Massachusetts Woman's Suffrage Association

mained,—Lucy Stone and Stephen Foster. Seeing that they were about to be assailed, Lucy said, "You had better run, Stephen, they are coming." He replied, "But who will take care of you?" At that moment the mob made a rush for the platform, and a big man sprang upon it, brandishing a

club. She turned to him and said, without hesitation, "This gentleman will take care of me," placing her little hand upon his arm. He instantly, with an oath, declared that he would protect her; and, offering his left arm to her, with his club in the other, he marched through the crowd, assisted her to

mount upon a stump, and stood by her with his club while she addressed the mob. They were so much moved by her speech that they not only desisted from further violence, but took up a collection of twenty dollars, which was given to Stephen Foster to pay for his coat which they, in their rough treatment of him, had torn in pieces.

At a woman's-rights meeting in New York, presided over by Lucretia Mott, the clamor of the mob was so great that it was impossible for any speaker to be heard, because their voices were drowned by hoots and howls. William Henry Channing advised Mrs. Mott to adjourn the meeting. Mrs. Mott replied, "When the hour fixed for adjournment comes I will adjourn the meeting; not before." At last Lucy Stone was introduced; the mob became perfectly quiet, and listened to her; but as soon as the next speaker began the howling recommenced, and continued to the end. At the close of the meeting, when the speakers went into the dressing-room to get their outside garments, the mob surged in and surrounded them; and Lucy Stone, who was full of indignation, began to reproach them in severe terms for their behavior. "Oh, come!" they answered, "you needn't say anything; we kept still for you."

In 1850 Lucy Stone first made the acquaintance of Henry B. Blackwell, and the friendship which began then ended some years later in marriage.

Mr. Blackwell is of an English family, all the members of which are of remarkable intellectual ability. His father was a successful merchant, who died soon after his arrival in this country, leaving a large family, consisting of five daughters and four sons. Henry was then a lad of fourteen. Thus early there devolved upon him re-

sponsibility, yet as son and brother he was as loyal and self-sacrificing as he has been chivalric and devoted as husband and father. Both his sisters, Elizabeth and Emily, studied medicine, Elizabeth being the first woman in this country who entered the profession. She encountered serious obstacles in the pursuit of her studies, meeting insults and sneers from fellow students, and in some instances from professors. One can hardly realize to-day how much of persecution, insolence, and misrepresentation the first women studentsof medicine encountered while endeavoring to fit themselves for the noblest of all the professions. But brave Elizabeth Blackwell was womanly and strong; unheeding insults and wrong-doing, she persevered, winning at last the respectful regard of all her associates, and to-day holds the highest rank among the women physicians of the world.

Lucy Stone was married to Henry B. Blackwell on May 1, 1855, by Rev. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, then a Unitarian clergyman of Worcester, Mass. this wedding Mr. Higginson thus wrote: "It was my privilege to celebrate May Day by officiating at a wedding in a farmhouse among the hills of West Brookfield. bridegroom was a man of tried worth in the Western anti-slavery movement; the bride one whose fair name is known throughout the nation, one whose rare intellectual qualities are excelled only by the private beauty of her heart and life. I never perform the marriage ceremony without a renewed sense of the iniquity of our present system of laws in respect to marriage, a system by which 'man and woman are made one, and that one is the husband.' It was therefore with my hearty concurrence that

the following protest was read and signed as a part of the marriage ceremony:

## ' PROTEST.

'While acknowledging our mutual affection by publicly assuming the relation of husband and wife, yet in justice to ourselves, and to a great principle, we deem it a duty to declare that this act on our part implies no sanction of or promise of voluntary obedience to such of the present laws of marriage as refuse to recognize the wife as an independent rational being, while they confer upon the husband an injurious and unnatural superiority, investing him with legal powers which no honorable man would exercise, and which no man should possess. We protest especially against the laws which give to the husband—

'First-The custody of the wife's person.

'Second-The exclusive control and

guardianship of their children.
'Third—The sole ownership of her
personal and use of her real-estate,
unless previously settled upon her
or placed in the hands of trustees,
as in the case of minors, lunatics,
and idiots.

Fourth-The absolute right to the

products of her industry.

Fifth—Also against laws which give to the widower so much larger and more permanent an interest in the property of his deceased wife than they give to the widow in that of her deceased husband.

'Sixth—Finally, against the whole system by which "the legal existence of the wife is suspended during marriage, so that in most States she neither has a legal part in the choice of her residence, nor can she make a will, nor sue or be sued in her own name, nor inherit property."

'We believe that where domestic difficulties arise no appeal should be made to legal tribunals under existing laws, but that all difficulties should be submitted to the equitable adjustment of arbitrators mutually chosen.

'Thus reverencing law, we enter our protest against rules and customs which are unworthy of the name, since they violate justice, which is the essence of

(Signed) 'HENRY B. BLACKWELL, 'LUCY STONE.'

This was a wise and timely protest against the code that made

woman a nonentity in marriage. Lucy Stone was subjected to great misrepresentation sometimes, because, with her husband's hearty approval, she saw fit to retain her maiden name, "a fair name known throughout the nation." should she have been criticised for doing that which so many of our famous singers and actresses have done, notably Jenny Lind, Patti, and Christine Nilsson? If a woman had won for herself a reputation like that of Lucy Stone, of whom Wendell Phillips said, "Gifted with rare eloquence she has swept the chords of the human heart with a power that has never been surpassed, and rarely equalled,"-why should any one criticise her for regarding the loss of a wife's name at marriage as a symbol of the loss of her individuality? Eminent lawyers, including Ellis Gray Loring, and Samuel E. Sewall, told her there was no law requiring a wife to take her husband's name; it was only a custom. Accordingly she kept her maiden name, and by it she was called through forty years of happy marriage.

After the death of his wife, Mr. Blackwell wrote thus in "The Woman's Journal:" "In behalf of the great principle of equality in marriage, I desire in this hour of inexpressible bereavement to say, with all the added emphasis of a lifetime's experience, that the protest read and signed by Lucy Stone and myself on the first day of May, 1855, as a part of our nuptial ceremony, has been the keynote of our married life. After the lapse of thirty-eight happy years (how happy I to-day more keenly realize than ever before), in her behalf and in my own I wish to reaffirm that declaration: the laws of Massachusetts still 'confer on the husband an injurious and unnatural superiority;' they still give him

'the exclusive control and guardianship of the children.' Married partners should provide against the radical injustice of present laws by every means in their power.''

In regard to the retaining of their maiden names by married women, a famous historian of Massachusetts some years ago appeared at a hearing before a committee of the Legislature, as a remonstrant against granting the petition for municipal suffrage for women, and one of his arguments was, "No secret is made of the fact that they [the suffragists] mean to agitate for such a change in the laws as shall enable married women to keep their maiden names." This was arrant nonsense! No such change has ever been agitated or discussed in any convention or meeting of the advocates of woman The worthy gentleman suffrage. was misinformed, and quite as incorrect in that statement as in one that he made at the same hearing. With great emphasis, he declared, "That women of sense differ from these suffragists." Surely this was an absurd speech for a man of his intelligence to utter! Are not Mrs. Gladstone, Lady Carlisle, Lady Aberdeen, Lady Salisbury, Lady Henry Somerset, Florence Nightingale, Millicent Fawcett, Laura Ormiston Chant, of England, women of sense? And were not Lucy Stone, Louisa Alcott, Maria Mitchell, Mrs. Ralph Waldo Emerson, Abby W. May, (who were present when this statement was made,) women of sense-pre-eminently so? Among the signers of the petition for municipal suffrage for women were men and women who represented the highest thought of Massachusetts. Senator G. F. Hoar, Senator H. L. Dawes, several members of the House of Representatives in Congress, nearly all the leading clergymen of Bos-

ton, Rev. Phillip S. Moxom, Rev. George A. Gordon, Rev. Phillips Brooks, Rev. James Freeman Clarke, President Warren of Boston University, Dr. Henry I. Bowditch, William I. Bowditch, William Lloyd Garrison, Professor James T. Thayer, Professor Peabody, Professor Gray of Harvard, ex-Governor Ames, ex-Governors Long and Claffin; while nearly all the well-known women writers and scholars of the State, with the exception of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, were among the signers of this petition that he was remonstrating against.

Since Lucy Stone made her first speech on "Woman Suffrage," in her brother's church, in 1847, the laws affecting the civil rights of women have been changed greatly, and are very much better. Coeducation has been established, and with good results, in many colleges and universities throughout the country, and of one thing we are sure, that until women have had what our eloquent advocate, George William Curtis, asked for us in his speech at Steinway Hall, New York, called "Fair Play for Women," until every door of educational advantage has been thrown wide open, until every obstacle is removed from the pathway of the girl-student, until the authorities in university and college cordially extend the welcoming hand, and say, "Come here, and we will help you to do your best,"-when all these things have been done, then, and not until then, will it be just to say what woman can or what she cannot do in the wide domain of intellectual work.

Within the last decade great has been the change of feeling both in America and England in regard to this movement, of which Lucy Stone was in this country the representative leader. To-day the

friends of woman suffrage are to be counted in very large numbers, and to avow one's self an active helper in the good cause is not to incur the danger of social ostracism, or to meet the sneers of the frivolous and unthinking butterflies of fashion, as in days of the past,-dark days never more to return.

For many years after her marriage, Lucy Stone lived in New Jersey, where her only child, Alice, was born. In 1869 the family removed to Massachusetts, and soon found a delightful home in Dorchester. For more than twenty years she was the senior editor of "The Woman's Journal," and that paper owes its existence largely to her efforts. In the autumn of 1869 she personally secured the bulk of the subscriptions to the stock of the corporation, which, under the name of "The Proprietors of the Woman's Journal," has carried on the paper since January 1, Notwithstanding the im-1870. mense amount of her public work as speaker and editor, Mrs. Stone never neglected home duties, and was a perfect housekeeper of the best New England type; few could excel her in cooking, and when sometimes they chanced to be without a servant, it was her pleasure to cook and serve her appetizing and delicious food. No preserves and pickles were so good as hers; no butter so sweet as that made by her hands; never a table that was more daintily spread. It was a benediction to live, even for a short time, in the atmosphere of such a home, where love reigned, and where was seen the chivalric devotion of the husband who for nearly half a century had been blest with her love: where also were seen and felt the affection and helpfulness of the best of daughters. Miss Blackwell was graduated at

Boston University some years ago. Her writings are well known; they are terse, strong, logical. She is one of the editors of "The Woman's Journal," and it can be truly said of her that she is worthy of

her parentage.

Lucy Stone was a dauntless leader. She attained her acknowledged power of leadership from a marvellous combination of faith in the ultimate triumph of justice, of strength of expression, of rare sweetness, and indomitable will to persevere in the good work unto the end. She lived in the world, but was not of it. Society, socalled, had no charm for her; she could not try to serve God and Mammon, as some of our prominent women do. She had the martyrspirit. I remember that once when I carried the news of a defeat, where she had confidently hoped for a victory for the cause nearest her heart, she took my hand, while tears filled her eyes as she exclaimed, "I should be willing to lay my life down for this cause to prevail;" then, after a pause, she said with solemn emphasis, "Yes, I would be crucified,—I would be crucified to save women!"

Lucy Stone made a speech in behalf of a petition for woman suffrage, in 1853, in the Green Room at the State House, and I think it was the first petition for the political enfranchisement of women that had gone into the Legislature of Massachusetts. I had the good fortune to hear that speech, and ever since that time her voice was heard there; and with her we went, a band of faithful men and women, to listen to the strong arguments both from legislators and selected speakers in favor of woman suffrage, and also to sit listening to many illogical and sometimes vapid and absurd speeches of the opponents. I remember one occasion when Lucy Stone was mentioned by name by a remonstrant, and when he made the statement that she was not married to Mr. Blackwell, some of her friends sprang to their feet. their cheeks aflame with indignation, and had it been the age of chivalry, their swords would have leaped from their scabbards to avenge the ribald insult to a pure, sweet woman, as high as heaven above his speech. Mrs. Stone sat unruffled, and as serene as a summer morning through it all, leaving it to her friends to vindicate her from the charges made; she could not stoop from her lofty position of wife and mother to utter one word in reply. Always when she went before Legislatures she reached them with her sweet voice, her pathos, her fearless statements, and her accurate knowledge of law. To illustrate this Colonel Higginson has told two stories, one to show how great was her power to disarm prejudice, and the other to show how thorough was her knowledge of law: "I shall never forget," he said, "one time, when in New York, I took to a womansuffrage meeting one of the most brilliant, perhaps the most brilliant, woman whom America has yet produced, Mrs. Helen Hunt, known best by her initial letters. I took her to a woman-suffrage convention with a distinct explanation on her part that she utterly opposed the whole thing, which I knew very well already; and that she was going there expressly to write an amusing burlesque upon the meeting for a New York newspaper. I took her in spite of it. Those are the people we always ought to take to reform meetings, if possible. When we came out she walked on in silence for a time. and I said, 'Well, have you plenty of material for your letter?' and she replied, with her characteristic impetuosity, 'Do you suppose I would ever write a word against anything that a woman with such a voice as Lucy Stone's wants to have done?' And before she died she had become in some degree a suffragist." Colonel Higginson gave another and much more important illustration when he said, "I went with Mrs. Stone once before the **Judiciary Committee of the Rhode** Island Legislature. She made her simple statement, persuasive as always, clear and unflinching as always, and I remember that after the hearing was over, the late Judge Greene of Providence, who had been for years chairman of the Judiciary Committee, asked me as a favor to introduce him to Lucy Stone. He said to her, 'Mrs. Stone, you put me to shame by the discovery that all these wrongs exist under cover of Rhode Island law. It is perfectly true; you have not made a single mistake; and vet I, the chairman of this Judiciary Committee for years, have done nothing to remove them.' from that moment Judge Greene was her friend."

Mrs. Stone was confined much at home, as her health slowly failed: and how patiently she bore her last illness, how beautiful were her written and spoken words of farewell to her friends, how unshaken her trust, how firm as the granite rock her faith in reunion of friends in the world to which she was going! To Mrs. Livermore she said at their last meeting, "Good-bye; if we never meet again here, we shall meet some time, some where, be sure of that! We shall be busy together in some good work; yes, we shall be comrades again." To another friend she said, "Do not grieve so for me; it is a part of the Eternal order that I shall go. I am going where it is better far than here." A few days before her departure she again said, "I believe there is work for me to do where I am going." She said to me at the time she first read Whittier's poem, "The Eternal Goodness," "You say that poem contains your creed, and I can say the same. I read it with delight, for it contains the very essence of trust,—religious trust." She requested Rev. Charles G. Ames to repeat the last verses at her funeral services:

"I know not what the future hath Of marvel or surprise, Assured alone that life and death His mercy underlies.

I know not where His islands lift Their fronded palms in air; I only know I cannot drift Beyond His love and care.

And so beside the Silent Sea I wait the muffled oar; No harm from Him can come to me, On ocean or on shore."

On the 17th of October, 1893, she died in serene faith, surrounded by her loved ones, and her dying words were addressed to her daughter: "Live to make the world better." Soon after she quietly fell asleep.

On Saturday, October 21, funeral services were held in the Church of the Disciples in Boston, where, for so many years, her dear friend and co-worker, Rev. James Freeman Clarke, preached the new evangel. Another friend, Rev. Charles G. Ames, who is Mr. Clarke's successor, paid a tender and beautiful tribute which will long be remembered by all in that vast assemblage, representing so much of moral and intellectual

power, and deep grief at the loss of a a beloved leader. To some it seemed a reconsecration of the spot where they had looked their last upon the faces of James Freeman Clarke, SamuelG. Howe, Samuel E. Sewall, Abby W. May. The most touching tributes were paid by friends, among whom were William Lloyd Garrison, Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Mrs. Livermore, Mary Grew, Mrs. Cheney, Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant, and others.

The noble life of Lucy Stone is closed on earth. She won the true success, for she lived on the highest plane,—"to live and bless, and make the world better."

Though from our vision on earth a presence hath fled, and our eyes are dim with tears at the loss of our true-hearted leader and friend, yet, with the saints of the ages she liveth and worketh still; and while true hearts shall beat and remembrance remain, her life and its virtues will be enshrined, for,—

She worked in earnest with a high endeavor

Of voice and pen, to right a mighty wrong:

And, with heroic firmness, pleaded ever For justice that has been withheld too long.

As year by year rolled on, at call of duty, That sweet-voiced woman did not fail to speak

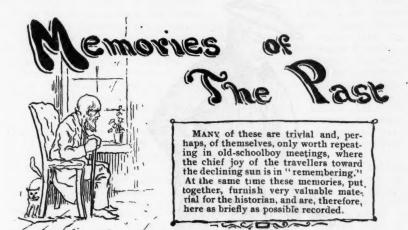
Her words of truth, clothed with a potent beauty,

Entreating help for the oppressed and weak.

How much all women owe that earnest pleader,

Many in years to come will grateful tell;

And recognize as a transcendent leader, One who a woman's part hath acted well.



By James C. Johnson

A N Old Schoolboy remembers:
r.—Picking butternuts on
Boston Common, which then
extended to the present Mason
Street.

2.—The same one also remembers picking butternuts from a tree which grew at the side of his father's house, which house was one of moderate height, "plastered" against the back wall of the Governor Hutchinson house, in Garden Court Street, rendering it necessary to run up a high chimney against and above the wall of the larger building.

3.—Remembers going all over the Governor Hutchinson house, just previous to its demolition. A boy does not notice everything, but his memory pictures a respectable but not palatial brick house, three stories and an attic high, a good staircase in the middle, and rooms opening from each side of the entries. The finish of the window-seats, walls, and fireplaces

precisely that of the rooms in our Old State House. The house was on the west, or Hanover Street, side of the street, and is so located in old maps. There is a doubtful memory of a Dutch picture tile fireplace. The opposite, or east, side of Garden Court Street was, in the early days of the Hutchinson house, doubtless occupied by the yard, sheds, and other surroundings of the Old North Church, which was, as was then the way, used partly for town purposes; and fire-ladders, etc., were kept in its vards.

4.—Remembers going up into the cupola of the State House to watch the combat of the "Chesapeake" and "Shannon," off Nahant. The flashes and smoke of the cannon could be seen, and the reports probably heard.

5.—Remembers (probably about 1817), while a pupil of old Master Tileston of the Eliot School, being sent by the worthy master to fetch



"He had well-defined habits, one of which was the excellent one of always knocking or kicking off from the sidewalks of all sticks or stones"

his wig, which was being renovated and powdered at the barbershop of —, near Union Street. He was a good boy, but he could not easily resist the pleasure of putting the wig on his own head, and parading, with an air, through Salem Street, but on turning into Bennet Street he thought it prudent to replace the nicely-dressed

tonsure in its box. Walking softly up the broad aisle of the school-room, he presented the wig to its owner, who received it with a frown, and a stern inquiry, "Did you wear this wig?" Now this was a harder case than that of young G. Washington, and the usually truthful boy replied, "N-n—o!" "Liar!" said irate Master T., and the rattan descended on the boy's shoulders, from which arose a cloud of white powder which, unnoticed by the young fellow, had fallen

from the wig.

6. - Remembers (about 1820) good Master Tileston, who had finished his half century's work in the school, and was now "pedagogue emeritus," but still clad in his Revolutionary suit, was accustomed daily to visit the scene of his former labors, intending always to be there at the opening prayer. Now, like all great men, he had well-defined habits, one of which was the excellent one of always knocking or kicking off from the sidewalks of all sticks or stones over which a person might stumble. The Eliot boys (to whom he was now "Old Johnny Tileston") were aware of this habit, and took care every morning to strew the Bennet Street sidewalk plentifully with pieces of bark, and with brickbats. Every one of these had to be knocked into the street, and the old master was always half an hour late at the school.

7. — Remembers that Master Tileston taught a very beautiful round handwriting, equal to "copperplate," and many of his pupils also learned it. Similar writing by the master of the "South School" is extant, and has been shown at a "Bostonian" lecture.

8.—Remembers (1822?) driving his father's cow from its comfortable barn in the yard of their house in Washington, near Bromfield

Street, up an alleyway to "Province (Street) Lane," and thence on to the Common to graze. Much later than the above date the large yards in the rear of Washington, Bromfield, Winter, Summer, and other streets, had an abundance of flowers, vines, and trees, peachtrees, poplar-trees, etc. In fact, if, in 1840, the houses of the city should have suddenly vanished, the whole peninsula would have appeared like a continuous orchard and flower-garden.

9.—Remembers (1815?) calling in to see old man Paul Revere, in the yard of his house in Charter, near Hanover, Street. In the yard were a number of church-bells of his manufacture, for sale, and so hung that the old patriot could show off their sonority to visitors. Remembers that Paul was a little

cross to the boys.

10.—Remembers (1830?) being nearly drowned on the present site of the United States Hotel. There was an old wreck near at hand, and it was a good bathing-place. Harrison Avenue (then Beach Street) was the boundary of South Cove.

II.—One now living remembers living in Marlboro' (now Washington) Street, and that he was born there, and that he went to school in that vicinity in 1802!

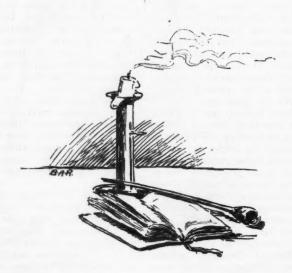
12.—Remembers standing with his grandfather in State, near Congress, Street, and that the old man pointed out the exact site of the Boston Massacre, which he witnessed. This vouches for the correctness of the present marking.

13.—Remembers going to school in the first schoolhouse,—a one-story wooden structure, with a pillared piazza in front, Grecian style, on the site of the present Quincy statue, in front of the City Hall.

14.—Remembers (1831?) going

to a circus, whose tent was on a rubbish heap, one of the very ones thrown out in excavating for the subway; and then, with a friend, wading out through the shallow, tepid salt water of the low basin of

mill-ponds of the "mill factories" (on presentMassachusetts Avenue) to about the site of Clarendon Street, where the warmish water was about up to a boy's knees.





## THEIR TRUE CHARACTER

By Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz

Now that the so-called "fad" of women's clubs has become a national affair, it is important that their true character be made known to the public at large. If it be asked—Why? it can be replied—Because the public at large believes so thoroughly in women's responsibility as home-makers, and socially, and is on perpetual guard, and justly, lest so powerful an influence be lessened or perverted.

The significance of this more recent club movement is so little comprehended that probably many, even many Bostonians, have not been made aware of a national institution, regularly organized as the General Federation of Women's Clubs, formed in 1890, and having now a national organ and publishing company, and numbering at its last count nearly four hundred and fifty clubs; these representing fifteen States, and belonging also to their respective State Federations. This, of course, does not include clubs having only an individual existence.

As National and State conventions of club representatives must make known the ideas and opinions of this extended membership, it would seem that reports of the proceedings, and of the sentiments expressed, and of the standards and aims declared, should have wide circulation, in order that the harm, if any, be exposed; and the benefit, if any, recognized. To calm the anxiety of those who predict harm from woman's womanliness being endangered by thus associating, it may be stated that one annual report speaks of the regular half hour devoted to "such formidable subjects as the simplification of housekeeping, physical culture, and dress reform, discussed with intelligence and ability."

At the last meeting of the Massachusetts State Federation fully twelve hundred women assembled, representing nearly every club in the Federation. Of this gathering it is said, that any who have questioned the good to be derived from such meetings have but to attend them to be convinced of "the business ability developed in women, as shown in the concise, unfaltering manner in which much business was despatched under Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's knowingly wielded gavel; the intellectual wealth, and extended resources, as demonstrated in the able impromptu speeches of delegates, and the broadening, strengthening effect on woman's character, as illustrated in the whole day's session, during which there was not the merest shadow of any friction or any deviation from perfect harmony."

In the general discussion, Mrs. Cheney, a Boston club-woman, speaking of the "Influence of the Clubs in Towns and Cities," said: "The Public Library should be a pet object with women of the clubs. By example and work they should teach all people to love cleanliness, and to maintain it. They should make beauty lead on the whole community to love of cleanliness, and a world fit for human beings to live in."

Said another member: "There are three different ways in which the club influences the home, -by developing the woman who helps make the home; by the direct information it gives concerning improved methods of home-making, sanitation, and child-training; and also by its influence on homes other than those of its own members. If the woman who helps make the home is sunnier, brighter, then the home is sunnier and brighter, too. If it gives her better ideas of duty toward her children than that of merely providing for their physical needs, then the children are the chief gainers. There is a point where the hearing of lectures or papers dulls, instead of For a corrective brightening." " Simply remember that the Club is more than a place where other people will do your intellectual work for you, and that a study class is of lasting service only as it arouses your own energy, and stimulates your own thought, and makes you work for the acquirement of your own information."

Said another: "Strive to know of what you are capable, above all all things letting every word that falls from your lips better those who come in contact with you."

And still another: "Women should exert every effort toward the preservation of natural beauty in the landscape, such as the preservation of old trees, and wooded roads."

In regard to the Armenian atroci-

ties, it was,-

"Resolved, That we, representing fifty-five clubs, with an aggregate membership of over eight thousand women, wish to record our earnest protest against these barbarities." Also, "that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the British Foreign Office, and to 'The London Daily News."

Another resolution extended cordial sympathy and union in the noble stand they have taken in affirming that character and intelligence, not color or race, be the tests of member-

ship in their club.

A worthy resolution, but unnecessary and inconceivable, were our civilization-so-called-in reality Christian and republican. The "stand" referred to is a progressive one,that it is so is our reproach,-but it has no claim to the term "noble," for as the clubs are formed on a mind basis, and for mind improvement, it should be considered a matter of course that mind meet mind without the least thought of "color or race." Our posterity of years hence will look back with wonder, almost unb :lief, upon the present state of things when the leaders and rulers of great religious bodies, meeting in the interest of a faith which proclaims that all are one in Christ, that God, the common Father, hath made of one blood all nations; and then excluding from their conventions clergymen of the same faith, because of their color!

The State Federation of Iowa, which began in '93 with thirty clubs, now comprises ninety-eight. The recent account given of its biennial, at Cedar Rapids, states it to be, "The outgrowth of the necessity for community of thought and purpose" . . . and "for acquaintance among ourselves, so that when we meet we may know each other's faces, capacity, and powers for action." The "Address of Welcome" was given, "not with formal utterance of the lips, but with heartfelt rejoicing that women realize the need of conferring together over those problems of life which belong especially to their share in its activities,—the uplifting of the race and the development of a higher humanity." "We hold this meeting to discuss those topics that are allied most closely with the mental, moral, and physical welfare of humanity. We believe that a broader, more completely developed womanhood means better homes and more efficient mothers . . . nobler sons and daughtersnobler sons and daughters mean nobler manhood and womanhood, the influence of whose lives will preserve and prosper the life of this nation." The President in responding, said: "The inherent vitality of a cause is its true impetus," but "judgment, tact, and wise consideration must be ever at the helm. . . . All progress is made through movement. Truth is relative. . . . We approach it, but it lies beyond; another vista opens up to us once this end has been attained.

'Time makes ancient good uncouth.'

"New questions, new ideas command us. The past is history; the future prophecy; but the present confronts us with ever-pressing needs. . . . I know full well that women's clubs will not be able to make over 'this wise old world.' . . . There is the law of self-development—each one having upon his brow the seal of honor to be the best, to do the best, to

live for the best. Women have known this individual problem. The conscious relation to the family, the clan, the tribe, is the higher and final problem to be solved. Semiramis, Cleopatra, Elizabeth, have exemplified sovereignty. It is for the nineteenth century to exemplify the power of women to identify themselves in their relation to the whole as factors and integers in the fabric of society; . . . and moving in it to the accomplishment of the one great hu-

man purpose. "The question is pressed upon us, What are your women's clubs doing -what active, visible work? And the question is an open one. Shall we engage in philanthropic work? Shall we influence social economics by active co-operation? Or shall we, through education and discussion, make our persuasive influence felt? Of outside aids the Public Library might be selected as one of the most efficient factors of education for young or old; an invaluable aid in a town or city to the investigation of any line of thought or study, and one to which women's clubs could well lend a helping hand. University extension could be well adapted to the field of intellectual club effort. The avenues of opportunity in the numerous directions are so numerous that the caution is needed, 'make haste slowly.' Let us do well what we have undertaken; pay attention to detail, that each step may he secured as you go. Let us hold the nice balance which gives true power and usefulness. Let us uplift and inspire; let us be, and let us do; let us look for the noble purposes of life and hold them aloft as a banner, where those who see its folds waving shall say, Behold the influence of goodness, of purity, of knowledge, of truth !- The State, a union of sisterhoods, let us cherish and uphold her. The Nation, a union of States, may we never be divided!"

For the enlightenment of those

who are inquiring, somewhat loftily and disparagingly, What is the good of women's clubs, any way? it may be well to state what was said of them by the President of the General Federation, Mrs. Henrotin, of Chicago, in her address at the Iowa "The aim of a woman's Biennial. club," she said, "is to create a solidarity of feeling among women upon the basis of a common interest; to further literary culture, to encourage education, to cultivate art, to investigate science, to study social questions, and last, but not least, to prove that a fine social life is the end and result of the best civilization. There is a tremendous power in the social aspect of club-life, which, if not abused, will be a greater influence in uniting human interests than can be realized at the present day. The root of dissatisfaction in modern society is due to the inadequacy and narrowness of our so-called social life." "Society is greatly misunderstood, because people are laboring under an erroneous impression of its meaning. The 'Four Hundred,' about whom so much is said, may be dismissed. They are a passing bubble on the waves of time. The prevailing idea of social life, that of gayety and pleasure-seeking, the wearing of fine apparel, etc., is but a mere form, and no more a part of social life than one's appearance is of his inner being. Little by little the personality of man and woman, which has so often been a drawback to the advancement of both, is fading into a common unity of spirit, in which both become the ideal. Society is really the companionship of intelligent men and women who enjoy literature, the arts,—as conversation, dancing, music, the theatre, etc., and by their presence they encourage and elevate all assemblies, and thus fulfil one of the greatest functions of social life. Society has a great and ever-increasing rôle to play in developing education. It should be able

to point out the right use of art and luxury, and also the right enjoyment of the individual, independent of either of these." "Modern social life should formulate a progressive science of ethics, and see to it that the morality of society conforms to its ethics. Society conducted along these lines will be capable of creating a new world."

She speaks of "the deplorable neglect of charm of personality." "It is true, in a republic it is the average which rules, but why should not the average define a higher civilization, rather than that of poor quality with rough manners? Gradually . . . has arisen an appreciation of good manners; a word kindly spoken, a pleasant smile, go far toward propitiating the adverse forces of life, and in this age of machinery every effort should be made to keep men from becoming themselves machines; and here I think, comes in the gracious mission of women. The higher education is essential for her, but why ignore the cultivation of manners and sentiment?"

In reviewing the work of the various State Federations, the increasing interest taken in the Maine clubs by farmers' wives was specially mentioned.

A representative member from Chicago spoke of the "long historic ages which developed the germs of type in man, and also in woman. The criticism that fears women's unsexing by any modern changes, loses sight of this evolutionary basis of type." In women are developed "pre-eminently the altruistic attributes. In the home, in the society, and in the church, her work has been primarily for others . . . In most of man's relations the basis of altruism has been established, but industrially, individualism is still the dominant force. The economic struggle of our time is to secure for it, also, the higher basis. For safe guidance we have but one adequate

agent, public opinion. It is in shaping and directing public opinion to the lines of women's ethics and altruism that the work of our clubs must be done." This falls in with the conservative's idea that woman's mission is to "influence" our opposite sex to judge wisely, and act righteously in the conduct of human affairs. Her involved altruism evolved by ages of evolution will help form the public opinion which will dethrone individualism, now the dominant force in men's affairs. After mentioning the Temperance Unions, King's Daughters, and Christian Associations, as conducted by women on their altruistic basis, Mrs. Bates showed that, "The Federation has added to this a powerful feature element in its alliance with literature and art. In all civilizations these have given the greatest vitality and endurance, because they "embody spiritual forces, which alone have the possibility of survival. . . . The things of sense, and the things of matter, mask as they will, carry in their very nature the doom of the transitory . . . for spirit alone is there hereafter. Poetry and art are the golden links that span all times and places. . . . Their work is wrought of the imperishable, - the spirit of beauty and of truth. Literature is the guardian of principles, those spiritual forces that inspire the race's progress, and in a people's ideals lie all its possibilities. . . . To our age it has been given the thought to accept that dream, the oneness of humanity, the brotherhood of mankind. From greatest to least our ethics are linking men together, one in their common needs; one in their common rights; one in their common duty. With the goal clearly discerned to which our kind is destined . . . we appreciate our place in the economic order, and we realize the ministry of service towhich our women's clubs are pledged."

Could womanly service, or human

service, be higher?





By MARY FIELDING KALOR

IN our democratic America—our free and independent country—we pride ourselves on being utterly oblivious to the charms of royalty and rank, and yet, whenever we are given an opportunity to meet and converse with a real live princess, and to note the incidents of her daily life and contrast them with our own, how eagerly do we seize upon the chance?

Such an enviable occasion was recently placed within my reach, by the reception of an invitation to spend an entire day with an Indian princess, and in a quiet, homely fashion become acquainted with her long-time dwelling-place, her three daughters, and herself.

Such a visit was a novelty in my humdrum life. I had never been allowed to enter the portals of royalty of any kind; and it was with rather a nervously-beating heart that I undertook my journey into that regal realm, from which I had always been so far removed.

Early on a chilly morning I

boarded a train for Middleboro, Mass., and soon went skimming along, through busy little towns, past fields of snow and ponds of ice, through groves of tall green pines, and groups of cottages, stirring factories and dismal tracts of forest, looking cold and bare, with patches of snow lying, like white fur rugs, on the brown carpet, strewn with autumn's leaves. My trusty Kodak I had taken with me, and as I sped along I occupied myself with getting it in readiness for the work that it was to do.

In thinking of the genealogy of the Princess my mind had always become somewhat confused, and it would be difficult for me, perhaps, to make it clear to those who read this tale.

She was Mrs. Zerviah Gould Mitchell, a lineal descendant of Massasoit and King Philip, and the intermediate branches of whose family it would be tedious to tell. Suffice it to say, therefore, that she represented the seventh genera-



The Entrance to a Mile of Driveway

tion, and was King Philip's niece, and a grand-daughter of the famous old chief.

It was shortly after ten o'clock when the train drew up at the Middleboro station, and there I was met by Miss Charlotte Mitchell, the youngest daughter of the Princess, and together we started for Lakeville, a distance of at least seven miles. The conveyance was an old-fashioned two-seated carryall, and the horse—a reddish-brown mare-plodded soberly along. Miss Charlotte, or "Lottie," as she was known in the family, was warmly bundled up, and wore a white worsted scarf tied over her ears and around her neck, and a thick black coat, and heavy black mittens. She proved an interesting

companion, and told, during the long drive, any quantity of stories and anecdotes, in a soft, musical voice, which I afterwards discovered was one of the characteristics of her race, and which might well be envied by many Americans.

As we passed by Assawampsett Lake, even on the cold, wintry day the view was beautiful. road winds closely around the lake, past several summer cottages, from which we saw the gate-house, and, almost opposite, the new pumping - station which supplies the city of Taunton with water from the lake.

Farther on, we came to a large, oldfashioned building, which Miss Lottie

which Miss Lottie called "Samson's Tavern." In summer this is used as a hotel, but it is closed during the greater part of the year. This is where the old stage-drivers changed horses when they drove their coaches from Boston to New Bedford, before the country was overrun by railway corporations. The exterior of the tavern is unchanged, and with its out-houses presents a picture calculated to call up all sorts of odd characters who occupy the ancient taverns in story-books.

After riding about six miles, we turned into what seemed to be a cart-path, leading into the woods. It proved to be the entrance to a driveway almost a mile long, leading between "the murmuring pines and the hemlocks." The

road wound in and out, the trees so close to the carriage that the branches touched on both sides, and gently rubbed against the

Fanny understood her business, and walked carefully along. Miss Lottie said that the staid old animal would easily find her way through these woods on the darkest night without assistance from a driver.

Up a hill wound the path, and we came to a clearing, and there stood the home of the Princess.

It is a little, low, brown building with two ells, one at the back, which is a story higher than the rest, and one

on the left side, where Mrs. Mitchell spends the greater part of her time.

The front part of her house, which appears to be the original building, was built recently by Mrs. Mitchell's daughters.

It is pointed out to all visitors with much pride, as the part of the home which the girls built.

"The girls" are Miss Melinda, whose Indian name is Teweeleema, and Miss Lottie, whose ancestors would have called her Wootonekanuske. They live here the year round with their mother, and support themselves by farming. The eldest daughter, Mrs. Zerviah Robinson of Abington, is often at the old home with her mother, and



"There stood the home of the Princess"

the three "girls" make a very interesting group.

Mrs. Robinson is sixty-seven years of age, Melinda is fifty-nine, and Lottie is forty-seven.

Their mother was eighty-eight years old on her last birthday, July 24. She is the only survivor of a family of seven children. Her maiden name was Zerviah Gould, and at the age of seventeen she married Thomas Mitchell. Mrs. Mitchell was educated at the public schools in Abington, and at a private school in Boston. While still quite young she taught in a private school in that city. Her life has been one of toil, and it is not strange that her mind is in a weakened condition.



Interior of the Home of the American Princess

At the age of seventy-one she was in posession of all her faculties, and assisted Mr. Ebenezer W. Pierce in the compilation of a volume on "Indian History, Biography, and Genealogy."

For a woman of her age this was no small undertaking, but the book was finished and copyrighted by her in 1878, and makes a valuable work of reference for those interested in Indian research.

At the present time, Mrs. Mitchell, although in good bodily health, has seasons of mental aberration, and is a constant care to her daughters.

On these occasions she fancies that she is not at home, and, if not constantly watched, would start off through the woods, as she was in the habit of doing years ago, when she went from town to town selling baskets and beadwork, after her husband's death.

Mr. Mitchell died in 1859, when the youngest of their eleven children was but eight years of age.

The fact that all these children were given high-school educations is certainly a credit to the venerable woman who is fast approaching the close of her life.

She likes to meet strangers, talks pleasantly, and, except for an occasional apparent loss of memory, seems to be in possession of all her faculties.

She is rather stout, has snowwhite hair, a dark olive skin, and large brown eyes.



The Girls Built this Part of the House

Her daughters are rather small of stature, and, to see them bustling about, hear their merry talk, and see the amount of work they accomplish, makes it almost impossible to believe that either is not twenty years younger than she claims to be.

With the assistance of one hired man they do all the farming, and their gardens cannot be surpassed by any in the county.

But this out-of-door work, while it keeps them younger and stronger than other women of their age, does not interfere with more womanly tasks.

Melinda makes famous biscuits, and in the line of preserves Lottie stands without a rival. Many an honored guest and many a belated sportsman have eaten of their viands, and pronounced them excellent. The sisters are fond of music, and an old-fashioned piano is not an idle ornament; while the books, papers, and magazines which can be obtained, are eagerly read and treasured. Melinda is fond of fancywork, and showed me some of the tatting she had just finished.

This curious blending of the ability to do heavy farm work with the taste for domestic arts, strikes the visitor as a bit incongruous.

on the lower floor. Over the kitchen are more sleeping-rooms.

The front room is separated from the sitting-room by cretonne curtains. It contains a piano, lounge, case of books, and a few chairs. The floor is covered with a wool carpet, and all manner of curiosities line the walls. The bookcase contains a number of school-books, and some well-worn stories, among which are the "Zig-Zag" travels.



Melinda and her Mother

That these women, who, for several months in the year, are shut out almost entirely from the company of other women, should be contented, is a miracle.

They are fond of pets, and have eight cats and one large bulldog. They teach the kittens all sorts of tricks, but the dog refuses to be educated,—much to Miss Lottie's disappointment.

The house is very small and contains a front room, which occupies the new part of the building, a kitchen, sitting-room, and bedroom

The daughters admire these travels, and, in their eyes, no hero is quite so perfect as Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth. His photograph is counted among their choicest treasures, and he is always remembered with an invitation to Mrs. Mitchell's birthday celebration.

When company is present the front room is used as a diningroom, and when the noon hour drew near a small, square table was moved into the room, completely filling it.

A chicken fricassee, with "dough-

boys" and hot biscuit, plum-pudding, beach-plum jelly, and a cup of tea, made up the bill of fare.

With many interesting stories the three daughters kept up a lively flow of conversation all through the meal. The mother talked very little but ate heartily.

These sisters have only one living male relative, Alonzo Mitchell, who lives with his sister at Abington.

It is not strange that these Indians should be proud of their lineage. They delight in talking of

their ancestors,—the brave Massasoit and famous King Philip.

But the glory and possessions of their forefathers have departed from them, and, as the poet has said:

"That king hath gone to his lowly grave:

grave; He slumbers in dark decay;

And like the crest of the tossing wave, Like the rush of the blast from the

mountain cave,
Like the groan of the murdered, with
none to save,

His people have passed away."





By MARY PEARLE

T is not my intention to dive into the past history of nations, or to explore the vaults of buried ages to find the heroine of my tale, —Queen Till.

She is a living and noteworthy character upon whose realm I unwittingly intruded a few years ago.

I have always had a sort of indefinite idea that fate steals along with silent tread, found oftenest in what least we dread, and that prudence and reason stand aside and make way while fate's chariot rolls on with its laurel-wreaths for the fortunate, or its knell of death for the unfortunate.

I chanced to be one of a party of three making a summer tour of the picturesque Glens of Antrim, Ireland, with the view of restoring my failing health, through the benign influence of the sea and mountain breezes wafted across the wild Atlantic from the rugged coast of Scotland.

It is a beautiful region, full of variety and endless attractions. The climate is as changeable as the moods of the warm-hearted peasants.

The sea, sometimes smiling in peaceful rest, sometimes dashing its furious billows against the frowning rocks on its coast, affords opportunity for the thoughtful and frivolous alike to indulge in reveries after their own fancy.

We were staying for a few weeks at the pretty home-like hotel at Cushendall, and finding each day new charms and fresh adventures in driving, boating, and rambling through the enchanting scenes that everywhere charmed the eye and moved the heart to thankful admiration.

My travelling companions were my niece Ethel, and her young husband, Edgar Ownes.

I was very happy in their happiness, for this was their weddingtour, and they had both been for years as dear to me as if they had been my own children. Yet, for all this, I confess I sometimes felt the truth of the old saying exemplified in my case,—"Two are company; three are not."

One dreamy June morning, as we were lolling over a late breakfast, Edgar said playfully, "Today I go a-fishing. What will you women do with yourselves?"
"Go fishing!" shrieked Ethel,

with jealous anxiety for her newfound treasure, "No, sir, you would be drowned and devoured among those terrible rocks, and, 'the eye that despiseth to obey its wife the young eagles shall eat it."

"How you spoil a subject to suit your selfish ends, like most women," responded Edgar, fondly smoothing back her golden locks; "I will certainly obey my wife, notwithstanding; what is your pleasure, my own sweet tyrant?"

"We shall go for a long, new ramble over the hills toward Cushendun. What say you to that, Aunt Minnie?"

'It suits my mood exactly." "And get torn and bruised, and killed by 'Rowric of the Hill,'" laughed Edgar, good-naturedly. "Of two evils choose the less,and-

## ' A life on the ocean wave'

he sang gaily, "is the one for me, if only I were single, light-hearted, and free."

"Let us cast lots, Edgar," I said, playfully, taking two pieces of letter-paper in my hand, and holding them for Ethel to draw. "The long one for the ramble; the

short one for the sea.'

Ethel won and with right good will and jolly fellowship we had a basket well filled with good things, which we respectfully consigned to Edgar's tender care. Of course, he grumbled a little now and then, declaring that eating was a most uncivilized habit on warm June days, and that the angels were blessed in not having anything to eat, as well as in not marrying, or being given in marriage.

"Never mind, Edgar, possess your soul in patience, and by and by shall the pangs of hunger make eating a pleasure, and it may be some mountain cavalier may come along and bear me away,-away over the wild dark hills beyond vour reach."

"You may rue to find your prophecy come true," replied Edgar, kissing her lovely face on cheek, lips, and brow, "But I shall brave the lion in his lair for one glance from my darling's sweet

eyes."

Very soon the fresh sea breezes reminded Edgar that he was still human, for with boyish drollery he allowed his hands to indulge in "picking and stealing," to his heart's content, and our great amusement.

We had gained the top of the hill that overlooked the little village of Cushendun, and commanded a full view of the Bally Castle road. We seated ourselves on a mound of heather, and watched the passenger-car sweep by.

A string of native children followed the car, shouting in chorus, "A pinny, if yer plaise, sur! A

pinny, if yer plaise, sur!

One little black-haired girl held two pairs of lamb's wool gray stockings in her hand, which she begged some of the passengers to purchase.

"Let's hide behind a rock," groaned Edgar, "The Midianites

are upon us.

We stood on the mountain-path, and waved our handkerchiefs at the car and cargo, including the escort.

The children soon saw us, and letting the car go on its way rejoicing, they turned our way like a

swarm of locusts.

Edgar, very wisely, held the fort, and the basket, behind a huge, projecting rock; from time to time popping up his head like a Jack-in-the-box, just to see if we were devoured.



\*\* Before the door of the cot, seated in a chair covered with purple velvet, sat the tall, gaunt form of a woman"

"Arrah, faith, then it's yer honor is takin' it aisy," said a son of Erin, with a broad grin, "Shell out some of thim witch cakes, an' gimcracks, and let's all have a bite; bad luck to the car, but it's hit, bruised, an' bled our feet, an' divil a wan pinny for it, sur, yer honor!"

Paddy Mullen had a word from Ethel in confidence, that sent him on a voyage of discovery on behalf

of the entire crowd.

The little black-haired stockingseller sat wearily on the bank opposite to us, with unshed tears of bitter disappointment dimming the light of her large hazel eyes. She modestly pulled down her torn flannel skirt over her bare knees, and spread the gray socks proudly across them, stroking them down admiringly for our edification the while.

"It's aisy to buy them, only wan shilling for the two, an' that ud git granny her tay. She is all cross an' sick an' bad wid the tantrums

whin she has no tay."

By this time the children were comfortably seated before a huge table of stone, eating to their hearts' content. How perfectly delighted was little Norah! In her excitement she seized Ethel by the skirt. and with eager persuasion said, "You ought ter see granny! She is a rale lady an' a queen. calls her Queen Till. She tells fortuns, an' blesses people, an' we young ones calls her 'granny,' but its only among oursilves. We sells her socks an' lace, an' brings her eggs an' milk, an' daddy he plants her praties and stuff. We's all afraid to vex her. She can make the sea mad for the fishermen, and bring the fire from the sky to burn the bad ones."

The children, after devouring the contents of the basket, gave a wild yell of thanks, and with one continued hurrah fled down the hill, tossing their ragged caps high in the air again and again; all except Norah. She stood entreating us to go with her, and make the acquaintance of the wonderful Queen Till.

"It's unther the rock over there," she exclaimed, pointing to a huge rock of a cone-like shape, "it's unther there, an' it's lovely!"

"We must go by all means," said Edgar, when the nature of the case was explained to him, "it is not often in a lifetime we have the opportunity thus afforded us of seeing royalty face to face."

We toiled breathlessly up the steep incline, until at last we gained the height of the bold rock overhanging the Queen's domain.

We looked down into a very paradise of beauty, in the midst of which stood a rustic cot.

Before the door of the cot, seated in a chair covered with purple velvet, sat the tall, gaunt form of a woman, in whose face there appeared no feminine softness, and evidently little or no trace of beauty. Her gray hair fell in wild confusion from a little round crown of lace laid in mock dignity on her head. Her nose was singularly long and drooping. Her chin massive, and curved upward. Her eyebrows were arched, and black as pitch. We might have dropped a pebble on her crown from our point of view, only her occupation and position at once dispelled all levity.

Before her on a small deal table stood an open Bible, very large, and beautifully bound. Its gilt edges glittered in the sun, and added a heightened glory to the roses and lilies that shed their beauty and perfume on this little spot of rare loveliness.

Suddenly, as we gazed, the Queen arose and looked toward



"Queen Till laughed a flendish laugh and said, 'The foot of man has never desecrated my temple'"

the sea, through a narrow opening in the rocks. She placed her hand on her brow, shading her eyes as she gazed long and wistfully over the high waters of the bay. Then, in a standing attitude, she resumed her reading; but now, aloud in a clear masculine voice, with deep intonation and marked emphasis, we heard each word as she pointed to the sea, wildly gesticulating, "And I saw a new heaven, and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away, and there was no more sea."

We were all deeply impressed, and our confidence was entirely won by the words of eternal life we heard read by the solitary woman to the silence of the hills.

Not so with little Norah. She looked pale and troubled as she exclaimed, "Oh, my God! She is in her moods."

"Come, darling," said Edgar, twining his arm lovingly around the fragile figure of his young wife, "We shall have a rare adventure to tell our children and grandchildren in years to come."

I was left behind, leaning over the ledge of rocks, looking backward to a time when I was somebody's darling, and had a protecting arm twined around me when rough places were encountered. I saw little Norah lead them to the Queen, while with a modest courtesy she presented them and retired into the cot. I know not what came over me, but all around me vanished all at once. I was transferred back to the old-fashioned frame house in Baltimore, sitting in the cosey dining-room, and ordering Bridget to have vealcutlets for breakfast next morning, and be careful as she turned off the lamps.

"Good night, Auntie," said Ethel's sweet, soft voice, as she lifted her rosy lips to be kissed. I looked and saw the pink satin dressing-gown, the white, dainty slippers, and the dear uplifted face.

"Hasten down, Aunt Minnie!" shouted Ethel from her rustic seat before the deal table. "It is six o'clock, and the Queen has invited

us to supper."

I walked down like one in a dream, wondering what was going to befall the idol of my heart. The only tie that bound me to my kindred seemed about to be broken, yet I went down, not knowing whither I went.

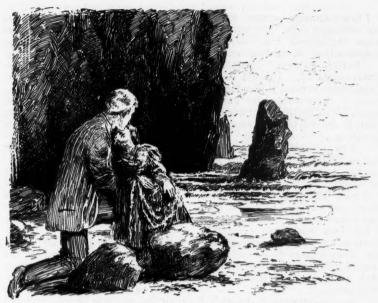
Norah was dispatched to the nearest grocery with the shilling that bought the stockings to procure the indispensable cup of tea, and very soon we were feasting in regal splendor on baked potatoes and goat's milk, daintily served in rare china dishes that were a fortune in their own right.

We were tired and hungry, and, perhaps, never in our lives before so fully realized the sublime truth of Solomon's words, "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

To me, the table spread in the little flower-spangled dell, with its frugal fare and lovely simplicity, partook of the nature of the Last Supper of the dear Lord and King, "Who gave his life a ransom for many."

Edgar seemed, if possible, more loving and attentive to his wife, as if he had never till then discovered how beautiful and noble she was. As for me I was absorbed and absent-minded, and could not help, notwithstanding the romance of the adventure, wishing myself well rid of the bewitching charms of the glen for ever.

"Why so silent, dear Aunt Minnie?" Ethel inquired anxiously. "You have not any anxiety about our safe return. I have just now discovered from Norah that



"In a few moments she was in her husband's arms, dripping and motionless"

her brother is a fisherman, and his boat is in the bay, just at the foot of yonder steep precipice."

She pointed to the frowning rock where a stone altar, with a large wooden crucifix, was evidently raised and tended by human hands.

"Oh, see!" she exclaimed, her cup upheld in her hand, while with childish curiosity she drew Queen Till's attention to the rude altar, "It has flowers of rare beauty placed before the shrine!"

"That is my temple," explained the Queen, with lofty bearing, "I worship the God of the Sea, and three times daily and three times nightly count steps up that steep pathway, beneath which yawns the mighty ocean when the tide is in."

"Why do you burden your life thus?" inquired Ethel, with deep sympathy and interest. "Why? Because my life is buried in the mighty deep," she replied, with a wild light in her haggard eyes. "I have watched and waited since Captain Donald O'Neill's ship left the Bay forty years ago, and he has never returned. I shall rejoice as much as St. John, or any other, when there shall be no more sea." She spoke wildly, and shook her long, gaunt arm toward the blue, smiling waters.

"I shall be so sorry," cried Ethel excitedly, "I believe I should miss the green, green sea, even in the beautiful country where we never sigh,—

'. . . for the touch of a vanished hand, Or the sound of a voice that is still.'"

"Hear her talk!" hissed the Queen, with scorn in her voice and a toss of her head; "A silly child, that knows only the a, b, c of love."

I saw a strange, wicked look in the woman's eyes, and was glad when the supper was over, and Edgar talked of starting home.

Before I leave Glenallah," Ethel entreated, "I would like to visit yonder shrine; if Her Majesty visits it three times, by day or night, I can easily pay it one brief visit, if she will be good enough to permit me."

"Why not all three go?" inquired Edgar. "You might lean on my arm ascending the steep

pathway."

Queen Till laughed a fiendish laugh and said, "The foot of man has never desecrated my temple; if the lady wishes to climb the steep ascent I will accompany her, and remain there to do my devotions, for the evening hour draweth nigh, and I am the priestess of my own temple."

"Do not attempt it, Ethel," I "We will be weary entreated, enough before we reach the hotel;

pray let's return."

But with the buoyancy of youth Ethel persisted in going on her romantic pilgrimage, and Edgar and myself were left to admire the rare roses that grew in elegant profusion around the royal residence of the strange creature known as Queen Till."

We saw them, after they had gained the steep ascent, lay their fresh flowers before the rude altar, bow their heads, and remain in a fixed attitude for a few moments. Then they pursued a side-path toward the sea, and were lost to

About five minutes later we heard a scream and a splash, and rushed toward the sea in a tumult of excitement that passes descrip-

tion.

On the frowning height of the steep precipice stood Queen Till, wildly gesticulating and directing Tim Sheehan, Norah's brother, and an old fellow laborer, to row our lifeless Ethel round to the landing-place opposite the cot. In a few moments she was in her husband's arms, dripping and motion-

It was heartrending to hear him calling her back to life; to see him kissing her cold lips, breathing life into them, and chafing her little hands, as if to awaken them back

again into life.

"Tim!" he groaned, "Ride for very life and death and bring Dr. O'Connor, of Bally Castle, to the Cushendall Hotel. Do it in two hours, and I will give you five

guineas."

"I'll do it, yer honor, an' for the purty lady herself, an' God an' the Virgin restore her," said Tim, running like a deer toward his thatched hut on the roadside, and in less than five minutes he was mounted and riding off to Bally Castle with wonderful speed.

I knew it was all in vain,-that God had given our darling rest in sleep that knows no awakening this

side of the grave.

We laid her to rest in the little seaside churchyard, where the waves chant her requiem. Perhaps in the wide world no fairer spot could be found for so fair a tenant,-"In sure and certain hope of the resurrection of the dead.'

I shall not invade the sacred precints of a broken heart, either for the sympathetic or curious. Edgar refused to be comforted for

many days.

We returned in the fall to our American life, and for a brief time the young husband plunged into the bustle and stir of business, trying to look the world in the face, as if nothing strange had befallen

But, "a wounded spirit who can bear?"

One morning last May he said to me, "Aunt Minnie, we will go to Europe.''
"We will go, Edgar," I replied.

Yesterday, while looking over his papers at the Cushendall Hotel, after leaving him in the quiet little sleeping-place by the sea, I found the following verses:

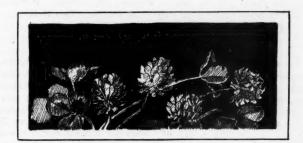
"ABOUT HEAVEN."

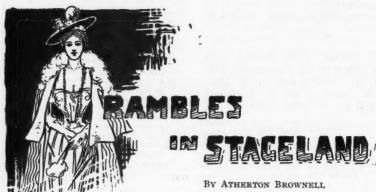
"I did not think about heaven While Ethel sat with me On the sunny brow of Glenallah, Overlooking the sea.

Sweet innocence enshrined her, Like vestal robes of white; Her presence made my heaven All beautiful and bright.

They brought me my darling, dead, Drowned in Glenallah Bay; The golden glory of her head Dripping with angry spray. The light from her eye had vanished, Her little hand was still. May God forget a prayer I said Beneath Glenallah hill.

Now I delight in heaven, And its many mansions fair, Because I know she is waiting Until I join her there. Beside the beautiful river, Where trees of healing grow, Within God's bright forever, Beyond the ebb and flow."





"The experienced observer of Stageland never jumps to conclusions, from what he sees. He waits till he is told things."-JEROME K. JEROME.

The Preliminary Boston Dramatic Season. — Unintentional Burlesque which is Laughable; Intentional Burlesque which is Sad. — "Samson" and "Thrilby."—The Opening of the Regular Season.—Melodrama. — "Burmah."

— "The Fatal Card."—"In Sight of St. Paul's."—Two McNally Farces. — "The Widow Jones" and "The Night Clerk."

— "Yorick's Love." — Irving in "King Arthur."

I ONCE knew a man,—he was generally considered to be mentally unsound,—who, to show his contempt for the conventions of society, or for some other reason best known to himself, considered it a fine and proper thing to commence his dinner with a cup of black coffee, following this with ice-cream, and thus working his way, crablike, towards soup.

Without wishing to make any odious comparisons, I always think of this when a new dramatic season opens, and when, after having broken our summer's fast by a course of light opera and the like, we sit down in anticipation to the dramatic banquet which the winter is supposed to present. And I can but feel that there is something of kindred between the gastronomic peculiarities of my friend and the mana-

gerial method of catering to the public, for, when our mouths are figuratively watering over the announcements of the dainties which have been prepared to tempt, not only us, but the nimble sixpence from our pockets, we find that what our Yankee mothers would call "the edge of our appetites" has been considerably dulled by a too long course of ice-cream and sweets, and that by the time the pièce de resistance has been reached the professional critic is suffering unmistakable pangs of mental indigestion.

It is rare indeed that a Boston theatre opens for the season with a sterling attraction, for there seems to be a feeling that the opening date is too early for an appreciative reception of a serious work of dramatic art, and it is upon the supposition that what has become to be

known as "the silly season" is still lingering with us, that such offerings as are made appeal only to the silliest of the silly. And there is a difference between idiocy and that lightness in the drama which has its proper place, and which is like the sparkle of champagne, which is always exhilarating, and which may be artistic. Unfortunately we are not a champagne people. Our gambols are inclined to be elephantine in their buoyancy; our sparkle is akin to the froth on the beer, which is of use only in adding to the profits of the vendor by more easily filling the glass.

The inventor of that phrase, "The silly season," is responsible for more than his account will stand. Undoubtedly there is a season of lassitude, when the average mind turns from the weighty and abstruse literature of the lecture platform to the more lightsome whileaways of the hammock; when the plush seats of the theatre seem to prickle and burn with a fiercer heat when they but supplement the emotion caused by a legitimate drama, than when the mind is diverted from this discomfort by an anæsthetic comic opera, or a nervenumbing farce-comedy. These things are looked upon as diverting, and perhaps they are, but there is a difference between real mental diversion and the happiness of total mental vacuity.

As long as people felt that to retain some portion of their intellect, even during the summer, was the duty of a self-respecting man, they strove against the insidiousness of the season, but on an evil day there arrived the man who invented the phrase, "The silly season." It was caught up by the zephyrs, and blown hither and thither; it was heard in the soughing branches; it was whispered by the raindrops; it found its way to men's ears, and they, with one accord, hailed a release from the task of keeping their mentality within grasp and cried: "The silly season is here,let us be silly."

Then, suiting the action to the word, and feeling that it was "the thing" to

be silly, and that "one may as well be out of the world as out of the fashion," they rushed to the bookstalls and purchased books which at any other season would be passed by in contempt; they filled the playhouses, and laughed uproariously to see poor operas poorly done, and at vacuous comedians throwing each other about the stage, beating each other with stuffed clubs, and otherwise disporting themselves in a witty and deliciously humorous manner.

And so "the silly season" lingers in the lap of the dramatic season, and can only be driven out, like fleas and mosquitoes, and other pests of summer, by a really cold-snap, which sends the people back from the seashore and mountains, demanding a more healthy mental pabulum, and getting it to a certain extent. In all this lies the excuse for the extremely thin character of the opening attractions at the theatres each year, a dividing line sometimes being drawn by calling the first few weeks a preliminary season; but under whatever name it goes, it means that in the first month or so we rarely have other than minstrelsy, farce-comedy, opera which is not comic, and well-worn melodrama, the new productions of the latter being mainly saved for a later date.

This was the rule at the beginning of the dramatic season of 1895-96, but as early as August 12, there was produced at the Bowdoin Square Theatre a burlesque which was a notable one in its line, for we have come to a point where true burlesque is a thing almost unknown, it having come to be confounded with travesty and extravaganza. For burlesque is almost a lost art, and the equal of such burlesques as "Pocahontas," "Bombastes Furioso," "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," and "Chrononhotonthologos," do not exist to-day, unless it be in the one I have just referred to, which comes from the pen of William Dean Howells, and which was produced by a celebrated strong man, Mr. Walter Kennedy. The aim of burlesque is to distort and car:-

cature, bringing the incongruities into strong relief, the strongest medium in use being the conjointure of the great and the little, the lofty and the abject, with the sole view of creating laughter. In the best English example, "Hudibras," sham greatness, false pathos, and hollow pretension are burlesqued, and the true burlesque aims at being a skit upon a given theme, rather than a parody upon any particular work, though, like a parody, a burlesque of any particular work should retain the form, and, so far as possible, the words of the work burlesqued.

In the prologue of another of the old burlesques, "The Rehearsal," which burlesques stage heroics, there occurs this excellent definition:

"We might well call this short mock play of ours

A posy made of weeds, instead of flowers;

Yet such have been presented to your noses,

And there are such, I fear, who thought 'em roses.''

Now in this production of "Samson" by William Dean Howells, played by Walter Kennedy, all the requisites of burlesque are met. Mr. Howells's version keeps in English much of the form, and, so far as possible, the words of the original tragedy written by the Italian dramatist D'Este, and Mr. Kennedy's playing of the rôle of Samson distorted and caricatured the work of Salvini, in the same rôle, when he first appeared in this country. Thus we have the necessary conjointure of the little and the great; and, while it was not done with the intention of exciting laughter, such was the unmistakable result. Therefore, while as a tragedy the production was a failure, it was only necessary to substitute the word "burlesque" to achieve a high artistic standing.

In tragedy, Samson with a moustache and chin-whisker would be out of place; but in burlesque, this assumption of the appearance of Forrest shows

us a legitimate incongruity, and is, therefore, highly artistic.

And "Samson" offers excellent opportunities for burlesque. Salvini, with his immense mental and physical force, could so enthrall his audience that the sense of incongruity was lost. On one occasion he died in his frenzy outside of the curtain line, so that when the drapery fell the corpse found it necessary to get up and walk out. Here was a burlesque situation indeed, but Salvini had so enwrapped his hearers that not even a smile was seen. Had Mr. Kennedy done this the audience would have howled with delight, even as a gallery god called "Next," when Delilah took up the shears to cut his hair. What in Salvini's hands became a scene of immense power when he overthrew the Philistines, (pronounced by Mr. Kennedy and his company "Philistians,") in Mr. Kennedy's hands became intensely amusing, for he lay lustily about him with the jaw-bone of a pasteboard ass which wabbled in the breeze, and overthrew a mighty host of four small supers, recalling the army in "Bombastes Furioso," which, according to the stage directions, consists of "a long drummer, a short fifer, and two (sometimes three) soldiers of different dimensions.

So also did Mr. Kennedy seize with avidity upon the scene in which Samson slew the lion,-the lion in the case being a tame and toothless one, but still not unknown to fame, having been the one which some time ago created a sensation by breaking loose in a barn in New York, and killing a horse. But it was always suspected that the lion took a mean advantage of the horse, for, as he had no teeth, and as the wound in the horse was made by some sharp instrument, it was shrewdly suspected that the lion used a knife which he had concealed about his person. Mr. Kennedy also accomplished the feat of pulling down a pasteboard temple in full sight of the audience, without the assistance of hydraulic jacks or other mechanical appliances save ropes, and the

people who were supposed to be above at the time accommodatingly walked in from the wings and fell down—dead.

Now, because this production had every element of a very clever burlesque, I regret that Mr. Kennedy had not seen fit to announce it as such, rather than to rely upon his physical strength to pull Salvini or Forrest from their pedestals, for there are here no attendant stage-hands to give a timely push, and the jaw-bone of an ass seems to lose its potency when made of papier-Commending the ambition which causes him to seek for histrionic honors of a high degree, it is yet a vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself. As the theatre is the place of illusion, the greater the illusion attempted the greater must be the skill behind it to conceal the mechanism.

And there is room for Mr. Kennedy as a burlesque artist, for the production of an avowed burlesque, "Thrilby," at the Boston Museum on August 19, showed the need of people of talent in this line. For "Thrilby," being an avowed burlesque, was still farther away from it than "Samson." And this brings me back to my remark that burlesque seems to be a lost art among us. When Lydia Thompson first came to this country, bringing with her the British Blonde Burlesque Company, a departure was made from the line of true burlesque, and we have since clung to the departure. In the first act of "Thrilby," Mr. Joseph Herbert, who is responsible for the work, kept to the line of the play fairly well. While it does not take wit of a very high order to transpose the names of the characters, such as Spaghetti for Svengali, Caramels for Taffy, and Butterscotch for the Laird, it is still on the line of burlesque; but this effort seemed to weary the brain of the author, and he presently called in a large number of specialty artists to save him further trouble. Thus, while there was nothing nearer to an Irishman in "Trilby" than the lady's father (who had been dead a number of years), a good

Irish comedian was engaged to sing an Irish song in the so-called burlesque production, lest the audience should miss it and go out to look for it. And, while there was no colored man in the book or the original play, the burlesque found it necessary to have one to fill in time, which he did by telling a story about a dog. Just wherein the burlesque feature of this lies I am at a loss to see, and this seems to be the evil of everything light which we attempt. Vaudeville is the proper place for specialty artists, but we have them everywhere. We find them in comic opera, in melodrama, in burlesque, and in farce-comedy. We have almost forgotten that a man may be a comedian without being able to turn a back somersault as the finish of a comic song, or introduce a grotesque dance when the author gets tired of writing and wants to take a nap.

From the announcements made previous to the opening of the regular season, it was to be seen that a revulsion of feeling had set in against the so-called "problem plays," which had vexed the mentality of critic and theatre-goer alike for the past two or three seasons, an inevitable result of any new movement in thought. It was clearly indicated that the preponderance weight would be against the serious, thoughtful drama, in which there had been too little action, and that the swing of the pendulum would carry us back to the plays of more heroic action, and less of psychological thought, influenced somewhat, perhaps, by the new movement in the drama, which, for the time, seemed to have lost its progress.

At two of the theatres the opening of the regular season was marked by the production of melodrama, pure and simple,—the latter beyond doubt. Both of these were melodramas, closely allied to the old-fashioned type; the Boston Theatre opening on September 2 with a splendid production of the play "Burmah," which had previously been known at the Drury Lane Theatre in London as "A Life of Pleasure;" the Bos-

ton Museum following on September 16 with "The Fatal Card," which had been seen for the greater part of the previous season in New York under the same name.

We have come a long way from the original meaning of the word when we speak of melodrama, the prefix being from the Greek, meaning "a song," the original form having been more nearly akin to the Wagnerian music-drama than anything else which we have today. But melodrama, as we now use the word, signifies that kind of play in which everything else is sacrificed to broad effect, to startling dénoument, and to thrilling incident, the only retention of music being that of the chills and fever description which follows in the orchestra the unholy pursuit of the heroine by the villain, while the lady weeps copious tears to the subdued strains of some heartrending melody.

Both "Burmah" and "The Fatal Card" are melodramas of the typical kind, frankly confessing themselves as such, and glorying in their condition. But there is this difference between them: "Burmah" deals directly with its story, and wastes no time in considering the probabilities of character, while "The Fatal Card," though no less direct, is still given somewhat to consideration of character delineation. In other words, in the former play, the authors have hit upon certain situations which they thought to be thrilling, because they had all been tried many times before, and then introduced them one after the other without reference to what was probable, thereby making puppets of their characters; while in the latter, the authors have used more skill and finesse in giving a certain amount of life to their dramatis persona.

In "Burmah," the people of the drama are as artificial as the landscape in which they move, while in "The Fatal Card" they have sufficient semblance to humanity, with its follies and foibles, to be recognizable, at least. Both stories are wildly improbable and large-

ly conventional, but "Burmah" is the simpler, and depends upon more direct effects. The people are all either wholly good or wholly bad. The good people have no foibles, and the bad people are so very bad that we can find in none of them a single redeeming trait. The strength of the play lies in the unqualified success of villainy up to a point about eighteen seconds before the final fall of the curtain, and then the sudden foiling of the wicked and the reward of the good.

It must not be thought, however, that the strength of "Burmah" comes from its dramatic qualities, for such is hardly the case. There are several scenes of considerable strength,-notably an eviction in the first act, and an attempt upon the life of the hero in the second, -but beyond this it is in the scenic features that we find the real drawing power. This is one of the plays where the stage-carpenter and the scene-painter are the real stars, by the side of whom the authors and actors sink into insignificance. The great scene of all is a battle between the British troops, cut off from the main body of the army, and the Burmese natives. It is in this that one of the characters leaps his horse over a yawning chasm, and dashes off up the rocks amid a shower of bullets, to bring aid to his companions in danger. The scene in itself is really a triumph of stage mechanism, and as such is wildly applauded.

I have said that "The Fatal Card" is more human. It is also less conventional, and its authors have built up several scenes which have a distinct dramatic merit in themselves, though as a whole the play is of the dime-novel order, and can hardly be classed as a play worthy of a lasting place upon the stage. Many of its scenes are conventional in the extreme, but there is a sufficient amount of conflicting emotions shown in the drawing of the characters to make them seem relatives, though distant, of the rest of mankind. It is true that the good people are all very good, but the

bad people are not without a saving grace; and though in the leading character—that of a man moving in good society, who is in reality the chief of a gang of burglars—there is a tinge of hypocrisy, it is still an element of strength.

Particularly noteworthy in this play is the use the authors have made of the power of suspense for dramatic purposes. The finest scene in the whole play is that in the third act, where a son is pleading through a closed door with the angry father who is supposed to be within, while in reality he is lying dead, and his murderers are waiting in an agony of suspense the discov\* ery which they believe is upon them. Conventional as is the rest of the play, there are so many solutions to the situation above outlined, that it is difficult to see how the matter is about to end, and even the most hardened theatre-goer must feel his interest aroused.

There is in "The Fatal Card" the old-time use of the underplot, which is wholly inartistic, and which is going out of use. Through the general belief that a serious play must have some comedy, and the difficulty which frequently presents itself of making this lighter element a legitimate part of the whole play, and giving it some bearing upon its outcome, it has come to be the practice to introduce certain characters for the sole purpose of making fun. They have nothing to do with the story, and merely come on between heavier scenes to do something which is supposed to be funny. Their fun is usually horse-play, if they are comic lovers, and silly if they are ingenuous lovers, and modern writers of this class have not always shown sufficient ingenuity to find anything else to serve the above purpose. In "Burmah" the underplot is much better handled and, while the young lovers are introduced, they are bright and interesting, and they are given something to do with the final solution of the complications of the play.

This duet of melodrama was made a

trio before the month was out, by the addition, on its last day, of Sutton Vane's new play, "In Sight of St. Paul's," which received its first production on any stage at the Bowdoin Square Theatre on September 30. Like the others, it is English, and England seems to be the home of melodrama, for it is there fostered at the Drury Lane and the Adelphi as nowhere else. But there is a freshness about Mr. Vane's work, and a wholesomeness in its atmosphere, in its entirety, that is largely lacking in the work of his contemporaries, even though there is but little of novelty in the material that he uses. That he is a clever dramatist, from a technical point of view, was shown by his play "Humanity," which I recall as being one of the best melodramas I have seen of recent years. And in this new play, "In Sight of St. Paul's," I find the same closeness of touch with human feeling and sympathy which I have noted elsewhere.

It is this which gives his work a distinct quality; for, while he aims at the great public instead of the few, his sympathies are so broad that he touches the common chord, and causes a little suspicious moisture about the eyes, which is too frequently lacking in plays of this stamp. He paints with a wide brush, it is true, but he has the real feeling underneath, and never shocks one with a succession of those improbabilities which are so wild that no stretch of the imagination can reconcile them. In a word, though improbable, he is never absurd.

So, here in this new play, he has shown a great deal of skill in working out his scenes, each one of which follows another in logical sequence, the whole telling a story of human strength and weakness, of virtue and frailty, of the typical kind. I do not believe, however, that the play is long for this world, or, rather, it is too long for an evening. Even with the cutting which followed the first night's production it is still too long from the centre of in-

terest to the end, for the act which, I fancy, was supposed to be the strongest, fails to reach the public as it was evidently intended. This is the fourth, which take place in a notorious house where the heroine has been lured. Whether it be that the presentation upon the stage of such a scene is in itself resented, or whether it be the slowness of action following the murder in the third act, I am not prepared to say. Perhaps it is a little of both, but considering the fact that "Camille" is received in toto I am inclined to attribute the failure of the last two acts of the play to their sluggishness, for up to this point the play has moved swiftly, with plenty of interest, and with many scenes of a great deal of strength.

For the most part Mr. Vane's characters are very ordinary types, but in Cynthia Dell, "the Panther," an adventuress of the boldest type, he has fallen but little short of adding to the stage another of those characters which were at one time so popular, and of which Camille, even with her hacking cough, is almost the sole survivor. It is not surprising, then, that in the presentation of the play the actress having this rôle, Miss Emily Rigl, should have carried off first honors and, indeed, appeared almost as a stellar attraction. And yet, as I have indicated, the rôle misses being a great one, and to just that extent Miss Rigl missed reaping the full reward of her excellent conception and intentions. Perhaps it may be interesting at some future date to know that this first production was in the hands of John T. Sullivan, Kendal Weston, John Sutherland, Alex Kearney, James Horne, Boyd Putnam, Sydney Armstrong, Ethel Raynes, Adelaide Cushman, and Annie Lewis.

In speaking some time back of the heaviness of American comic writers, Mr. John J. McNally should be excepted, for he showed in his "Widow Jones," played at the Museum by May Irwin for two weeks, beginning September 2, a lightsome skill in handling farce

elements, which is truly refreshing. "The Widow Jones" is real farce, with humorous situations and dialogue which bristles with wit and funny sayings, Mr. McNally having a faculty of turning familiar phrases which is intensely amusing, gaining much from the continual surprises. In this play he elevates farce-comedy from the slough into which it has fallen of late, and shows us clean-cut, wholesome fun without the adjunct of horse-play and a flood of specialties without rhyme or reason.

How much Miss Irwin had to do with this I cannot say, but as his work was a piece of theatrical tailoring, and the result proved to be a perfect fit, it must be concluded that, while Mr. McNally provided the skill, he still needed a good model to wear his clothes; for, three weeks later, we saw another farce by Mr. McNally, played by Mr. Peter F. Dailey, at the Hollis Street Theatre. this also being a made-to-order piece. I can think of no better way to characterize the radical difference between the two than by saying that Miss Irwin's suit appeared like a stylish and up-todate tailor-made garment, while Mr. Dailey appeared in a flashily-cut and loud suit of clothes, which might well have come from a sporting tailor. But, as in the buying of a suit of clothes the purchaser has a right to decide upon the style, I must conjecture that in this case we have proof that Mr. McNally can do clever work when it is demanded, but that he is bound to suit his customers at all hazards.

The result is that "The Night Clerk" is cheap, and not at all clever. Mr. McNally has provided merely the skeleton, which is clothed in flesh by the overwhelming specialties which are introduced on all sides, and, while the play as it stands undoubtedly appeals to a large contingent, it is by no means a play which everybody will want to see. If I were making suggestions I would advise that the whole of "The Night Clerk" be eliminated, and that from

"The Widow Jones" there be removed only a single scene which is of questionable taste, that at the close of the second act, in which an artist's model appears by accident in puribus naturalibus.

But, up to the coming of Irving to the Tremont Theatre, on September 30, the most delightful dramatic treat of the season was given for a single night, when Lewis Morrison appeared at the Bowdoin Square Theatre in a revival of "Yorick's Love," a play which the late Lawrence Barrett made famous. It comes from a Spanish source, and was done into English by William Dean Howells. In plot and motif it suggests strongly the opera, "I Pagliacci," though having been written many years previous to the opera, it cannot be said that it was suggested by it. Not only is it poetic in the extreme, but it is couched in the purest and most graceful of English. Its dramatic strength is mighty, and its charm is such that it is not to be resisted. I am not one of those who believe in the palmy days of the drama, to the exclusion of all else, but "Yorrick's Love" comes like a refreshing zephyr from the land of the past, bringing with it all that has made our memories dear. It is by no means archaic in form, and it possesses elements of magnetism which on this occasion aroused the warmest sentiments of approval. "Yorick's Love" approaches the ideal of dramatic perfection in that it combines within itself deep heart interest and human emotion; presents in sharp contrast laughter and tears; is merry and sad, and appeals with equal strength to the meanest of the gallery gods, and to the grand dame in the orchestra stalls. It is human.

Mr. Morrison, an actor who has hitherto been known by his performance of "Faust," and as a competent leading man before that, may be said to have achieved a triumph. In a curtain speech, called out by the plaudits of an audience which was manifestly a sincere one, he announced that this perform-

ance was an experiment, and that he depended upon the verdict to determine his future action with the play. If my words have any weight, I say to Mr. Morrison, Go on! The public is ready for such plays as "Yorick's Love," and the actor who will present them will earn the gratitude of every lover of dramatic art.

I confess to a feeling of inability to do justice to the Irving production of "King Arthur," which took place at the Tremont Theatre on Tuesday evening, October 1, this being the first production of the play in the United States. And this feeling comes less from any thoughts of modesty than from a desire to pay a just tribute to one of the greatest productions the American stage has ever seen, one of the greatest accomplishments in stagecraft by a master of the art, and one of the most worthy and ambitious efforts on the part of author and actor that recent years has produced.

For, on the one side, is the desire to give all that is due to Mr. Comyns Carr, the author, and Mr. Henry Irving, the actor and stage-manager, for their undeniably great achievement, and at the same time to say that the author has completely missed the spirit and atmosphere of the legends, and that the actor entirely misrepresents the character of King Arthur as I read him, and I have read him from beginning to end, from the end to the beginning, and from the middle both ways.

Perhaps the fact that I have become steeped in these legends so thoroughly puts me in a position where I cannot judge fairly of the play upon its merits, aside from the fount from which its inspiration springs. For we read these mystic legends now with a soul attuned to their solemn poetry, and we perceive their characters glorified and magnified through the agency of temporal refraction until they become god-like in stature, and move with a stately mein which it is difficult, if not actually im-

possible, to reproduce through the mediumship of common men and women, even though this be their art.

And thus the personality of the actors and actresses portraying these characters stands between us and our preconceived ideals, and there is a consequent feeling of disappointment resultant. And Mr. Carr in writing "King Arthur," feeling, no, doubt, the impossibility of embodying in a five-act play the entire story of the King's problematical existence, has confined himself in reality to telling the story of Lancelot and Guinevere, of their guilty love and their falseness to Arthur, with the woeful and tragic results of the introduction of sin into the noble and chivalrous ranks of the Knights of the Round Table. For dramatic purposes, Mr. Carr has taken the mere outline and the names of the characters, rearranging scenes here, and introducing new ones there, the outcome being that his play is his own "King Arthur," and has in reality but little to do with Mallory, upon which it is supposed to be founded. And in so doing he has lost almost entirely the mystic symbolism which so pervades the legends, and has taken from the individual characters their grandeur, even in sin, this making of them very ordinary people when seen upon the stage. As is natural under such circumstances, Arthur becomes little else than a weak king and a deceived hus. band; Lancelot, a well-meaning but errant knight, instead of the inconstant knight-errant that he was; Guinevere, a very ordinary, faithless wife; Mordred, a melodramatic villain of the type of tyrant found in semi-classical plays; the purest knight of all, Sir Galahad, is missing; and the fabled Knights of the Round Table sink to the insignificance of supernumeraries. Elaine alone, as played by Miss Julia Arthur, seems to preserve the poetic spirit of the Elaine of the Mallory legends.

This, with the changing of scenes, incidents, and motives, strikes the hearer who is familiar with the legends —and who is not?—with a sense of disappointment which is not to be completely overcome by any strength which the play contains, and when, to this rupture of the feelings towards the legends, is added the fact that Mr. Irving is equally far from realizing the character of King Arthur, Miss Terry is by no means the queenly Guinevere, and Lancelot is merely an excellent leading man, there is nothing left to chain us to the legends from which the play springs.

The sequence of events is so altered that the story becomes almost a new one, and the throwing of Guinevere into prison after the news of Arthur's death, and the bringing of Mordred there to visit her, and to offer her his newly-acquired throne, is a melodramatic bit of such conventional nature that it rasps upon one even though it is done for the purpose of giving her a chance to spurn him, thus bringing down upon herself a sentence of death, unless she can find a champion, who presently appears in the person of Arthur, masked, who meets Mordred and his death.

It is easy to say that a thing might have been done better, but while it may not have been possible to build a stronger play on the subject of King Arthur, it seems as though it were surely possible to build one which would be equally strong, and which would, at the same time, still preserve more fully the atmosphere of the legends, and introduce scenes from them which are more pregnant with inherent dramatic strength than those which are used. I might instance the scene in which Lancelot is discovered with Guinevere, and only makes his way forth and saves her reputation through the most heroic efforts. There is also the scene of the Queen's stratagem, which possesses far more real dramatic power than any which Mr. Carr has invented, and which might appropriately be made use of in a play of this kind.

And yet, divesting the play of its relation to the legends, it must be admitted—always providing that we can make this divorce—that it possesses a great deal of strength of its own, and is couched in language which is frequently poetic in the extreme, and moves with an easy swing. Nevertheless, it cannot be called a great play, and while it may hold a strong place in Mr. Irving's repertoire, it does not seem to possess those enduring qualities which will make it stand the test of time, and cause other actors to await with impatience the expiration of the copyright in order that they may seize it for themselves.

Mr. Irving is pre-eminently a stagemanager, and it is in the wonderful setting that he has given to this play that we find the chief merit. Nothing finer than the mystic mere of the prologue, in which the young son of Uther Pendragon, led by Merlin, meets the spirit of the lake, and receives from her the

magic sword Excalibur, can be conceived; and here let me say, both the setting and the language of the play are all that the most ardent lover of the legends could desire. So strongly, indeed, is the atmosphere kept in this scene, that the change to the first act is a shock which is not to be easily withstood. Likewise is the scene of the Queen's Maying a marked triumph, being redolent with the zephyrs of spring, and of a keen lyric beauty. Mr. Irving is also an artist in the massing of colors, and, like the artist that he is, has sought the assistance of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, in the costume designing, and of Sir Arthur Sullivan in the incidental music. Thus the ensemble of color-tone and music-tone is preserved and observed to the extent that the production is made what I first called it,-one of the most notable productions which the American stage has ever seen.



# IN EXTRA SESSION

THE financial question is an intricate and perplexing one, and only experts are capable of comprehending and discussing it in all its various features. Fortunately for the country, there is a marvellous recuperative force in the business interests of the United States, which has accomplished wonders during the crisis through which we have recently passed. Apparently the financial clouds have been cleared away, and a slow but continuous and certain recovery from our commercial prostration has set in.

It is difficult to have all of our people agree as to the causes of the depression from which we have suffered for some time. Many intelligent and worthy people entertain an actual antipathy to figures. It may even be said that a majority of those whose votes, in a country like ours, determine all questions of public interest and importance, feel no concern whatever in the varying changes in the money markets of the world. They have no appetite for statistics, and are easily fatigued by mathematical methods of any kind. The average citizen is bewildered and dismayed by an endless aggregation of digital statements which he is asked to ponder and digest. He makes an honest effort to understand them, but is sure to be disappointed and exasperated. Generally speaking, they are so constructed as simply to confuse the little understanding he had when he started out, and they leave him wondering at his own temerity in having expected to understand it at all. He is anxious to form sound and practical opinions; but the process of the experts puts him to sleep and fills his head with fantastic dreams, in which he sees only the hopelessness of his endeavors, so far as any definite results are concerned, and which leaves him only one comfort,-in his realization of the fact that, in this grand and wonderful country, the finances cannot very long remain in a doubtful or panicky state.

At the close of the Revolution there were the fewest number of people who understood the financial situation, and at that time there was a miscellaneous assortment of paper currency in circulation, representing the numerous shifts that had been resorted to during that period of severe trial and misfortune, and in comparison with which our present system is almost as heterogeneous. There is no other civilized country

which has so many different kinds of money, all circulating side by side without reference to their inconsistencies and special characteristics. The citizen at large can hardly be expected to keep up an acquaintance with all these points of variation, or to care very much about them, so long as one form of money is as good as another in its purchasing power. No one would realize, without reflection, that we have so great a multiplicity of circulating mediums. There is gold coin, which possesses full debt-paying capacity; silver dollars, United States notes, and the Treasury notes, which are equally good tenders, unless specified otherwise in the contract; gold and silver certificates, and national bank-notes, which, while not a legal tender, are receivable for certain public taxes and by the banks; subsidiary silver coin, which has a limited debt-paying power; and minor coin, which has still less. And in addition to this mixed bulk of money we have another kind of currency, or substitute for money, known as checks, or drafts, with which not less than ninety per cent. of the business of the country is carried on. Every two days there is deposited in the banks, in such form, an amount equal to the entire paper currency in circulation in the United States; and if we had no money at all, this substitute would probably be found equal to all ordinary commercial requirements.

THERE seems to be a genuine ring of patriotism and love for the Union in the ceremonies which have taken place on the battle-fields of Chattanooga and Chickamauga, the sincerity of which it would be unmanly to distrust or doubt. Nothing of the kind—either in its magnitude or immensity of meaning—has occurred since the period of the war; and "the mystic chords of memory," so skilfully touched upon, and aroused by the orators on either side, would appear to indicate that a real and practical reconciliation has taken place at last. It

is true that most of the proceedings consisted of mere words, which have been said to be only the counters and the playthings of the wisest men; but on this occasion most of them have come from soldiers who had taken part in the bloody battles which were fought, and who understood the full meaning of the contest that was waged. Timeserving politicians were conspicuously absent; amid such a gathering of empty sleeves and war-worn veterans their presence would have jarred upon the scene. The fires of ancient prejudice have long since been scattered to the winds, leaving no sparks, or even dying embers, to mark the spot where they once burned. The lofty and inspiring utterances of such men among the Southern leaders as Longstreet, and Gordon, and Wheeler, have been met by sentiments as eloquent and comprehensive from Howard, Schofield, and Palmer, -and amid the fervid patriotism which characterized the auspicious and memorable event our own Governor Greenhalge has borne his significant and worthy share.

It would be unmanly to doubt the sincerity of our Southern compatriots, who have now testified to their love for that Union which they attempted to destroy. They were conspicuous leaders in the inauguration of "the lost cause," and flinched not from bearing their part in the conflict that ensued. Many of them are still the honored civil representatives of their respective States and occupy seats in the councils of the nation which they seem to serve with fidelity and zeal. They are recognized everywhere throughout the length and breadth of the land as real and authoritative exponents of Southern sentiment and thought; and it would be churlish in us to cherish the slightest disbelief in what they say.

In the presence of such events as this—binding together and solidifying the Union, in stronger bonds than have ever existed before—no one can hesitate to believe that the spirit of national

patriotism has at last conquered the South, with almost as great an effect as that which the gage of battle wrought. The "solid South" is already a thing of the past, and the two sections of the country no longer mark the political divisions which exist.

WE are accustomed to defer, with great respect, to what is termed "the truth of history," and yet how few of us realize in what that truth consists. Faithful to the theory quoted by Max Nordau, in his celebrated work styled, "Degeneration," we are in the habit of comparing the present with the past, only to condemn the former, while we sing the latter's praise. In this manner the customs and methods of to-day suffer great injustice, when weighed against those which prevailed a century ago.

In no one regard has this mistaken idea been carried to any greater extent than in the criticism, harsh and cruel, in which we indulge respecting our public men. Insistence has been laid upon the fact that the men and methods of the past represented the highest order of excellence, while those of the present stand for low aims and loose views of propriety and duty. The "good old times" are constantly cited by way of reproach and admonition to the present generation, and we have been often assured that the public men of many years ago were guided entirely by a fine sense of honor, and never stooped to trickery of any kind. But the real fact is, that, in many instances of this kind, "distance" has lent "enchantment to the view," and on inquiry it has been found that these former statesmen have been transfigured by excessive praise and patriotic superstition. They have been remembered for their virtues in such a degree as to hide their faults, and to make them seem as paragons of almost angelic mould; but they had their faults, and were human, just like other men. They had their ambitions

and their egotisms. They were practical politicians in the fullest meaning of the words. Party spirit and factional hostility were even greater then than they are now; and there was the same clamor for office that we hear of in our day. There was unceasing political turmoil throughout the Revolution; and every device for gaining votes, and for carrying elections, was as well known then as they are now. That "there were giants in those days" is true; but it is no less true that they resorted to every ordinary means of success, and did not stop to consider very closely the questions of morality that were involved.

And so it is, too, with all the fantastic doctrines and "crankisms" with which we are deluged now. There is hardly one of them now prevalent that cannot be traced back to the days when the foundations of the government were being laid, and the way was being prepared for the great triumphs that have come to pass. Loose thinking is not peculiar to this generation. Even among the fathers there was a noxious habit of accepting sophistry for logic, and halftruths for whole ones. History proves that the wisdom of the past was by no means perfect, and that, generally speaking, the measure of public virtue was not superior to that which now exists. There were cranks and demagogues in our politics from the start, and, all things considered, it is safe to say that there is no more trickery or corruption in politics at present than there was in the past, and that the general tendency is toward improvement in the methods of adjusting the affairs that relate to the safety and prosperity of the country.

Among the other signs of imporvement in our American people there are some which relate mainly to the female side of the nation. The American woman has long been regarded by Europeans as the most beautiful wo-

man in the world. This she is, and has been, for many years, without a doubt. And as the circumstances of her life have become easier, and her education farther advanced and of a higher type, she has attained even greater comeliness and grace. America has never possessed a more beautiful generation of women than she has to day, and there is no doubt that their style of beauty is still progressing to a nobler grade. The American woman of the present time is larger than the characteristic American woman of the past. It comes of better food, better clothing, better sleep, more fresh air, and less of hard work to mothers, during those periods when their vitality is all demanded for their maternal functions.

The same fact of physical improvement is not so apparent among the men, and the cause of it is to be easily found. Its indirect proof is apparent in the reasons that may be assigned for the superior beauty of American women over those of other Christian nationalities. The typical American woman is not, and never has been, a wine-drinker; and to this fact mainly may be attributed her wealth of personal loveliness. Here it is considered vulgar for a woman to be fond of stimulating liquors in any form, and it is horribly disgraceful for her to drink them habitually. As a rule, all over the country, she drinks nothing stronger than coffee and tea, and even these, in a certain degree, she is learning to shun. She is raised to maturity without a stimulant, and as this is the singular distinguishing fact in her history when we compare her with the women of other lands, it is no more than fair to claim that it has a great deal to do with her pre-eminence of physical beauty.

But the scale of physical improvement in the American man is not so evident as it appears to be in his sister or his wife. It is true that he, too, is better housed, better clothed, and better fed than formerly was the case, but his habits have not improved in the same ratio. Our students are gaining muscle and health in the gymnasium, but they smoke too much. Our young men in business, everywhere, understand the laws of cleanliness and development more thoroughly than did the generation that preceded them, but they drink too much. And it is this business of drinking that is dwarfing the American man. It stupefies the brain and swells the bulk of other nationalities, but it excites, frets, and whittles down the already over-stimulated American. The young American who drinks habitually, or who, by drinking occasionally, places himself in danger of drinking habitually, sins against his own body, beyond the power of nature to forgive. He stunts his own growth to manly stature, and spoils himself for becoming the father of manly men and womanly



# HISTORICAL PARALLEL COLUMN

NOTES AND COMMENTS ON THE PAST AND PRESENT

Schtember, 1795.

September, 1895.

2. The month's committee of the Boston Chamber of Commerce is composed of the following-named gentlemen: Crowell Hatch, Caleb Loring, Samuel Skinner, Samuel Torrey, and Nathaniel Skinner.

5. In the Supreme Judicial Court to-day, the Grand Jury returned a bill against a truckman for extreme cruelty to his horse, and he was placed under bonds for his good behavior, and to have his trial at the next term. This is a novelty to the public, and the charges (wherein the horse died of wanton cruelty), have been published, and commented upon for that reason.

II. To-day there was an assemblage of people of noisy character, who carried an effigy of Jay. When they reached Captain Wallach's house they gave two or three shouts, and moved towards Mr. Hill's still-house. Captain Wallach fired a gun, and they stopped but did no damage, but when the second and third shots were fired they rushed forward and broke his windows.

7. The tide of immigration sets rapidly to our shores, and with its current has formed a new channel of opulence. Mr. Goring has brought with him to America £73,000 sterling, and Mr. Russell took with him from Birmingham £120,000. The latter is proprietor of a large landed interest in this country.

10. A policy of insurance was filled out to-day at E. Davies & Sons' offices, on which the under-

r. Rev. A. D. Mayo delivered the fifth of his course of lectures on "Our New Teachers" last evening at Union Hall, Young Men's Christian Union. The subject was "The Novelist." Mr. Mayo said, in part: "Above all, keep your head above water in all your reading, and do not become submerged in the high waves or swept out to sea in the terrible undertow of passing events. I always tremble for the man or woman, however excellent, who says to me, 'I have no time to read anything but the newspapers, and now and then a magazine or novel for entertainment.' I am sure I shall never know where to find that man or woman in any crisis in church, state, and society, and shall always be disappointed if I look that way for solid support in any cause that appeals to the higher, unselfish, forward-looking side of human nature. Nothing is so certain to land the most accomplished and hopeful youth, long before mid-life, on the barren island of a selfishness that steels the heart and dwarfs the mind, and leaves its subject, though surrounded by every opportunity of modern life, the most pitiful and hopeless wreck, as a mental debauch in the lower realm of romance and journalism."

4. At the general session to-day of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the economic section had a paper on "Growth of Great Cities." Mr. Corthell said that London is des-

writers pay 15s to receive 100s, in case a cessation of hostilities shall take place between England and France, on or before the tenth day of September next.

12. A young man has been committed to prison, charged with carrying a lighted combustible figure, "against the peace and to the terror of the citizens," and with a design to excite dangerous commotion through the streets of this town. He is to take his trial at the Supreme Judicial Court in February next.

There is great fear of the fever attacking the town, from which New York is suffering; and especial care is desired on the part of the citizens.

Proposals for carrying the mails are advertised for by Postmaster-General Joseph Habersham, in Philadelphia.

13. There was found on the door of the "Chronicle," a paper on which was written, "Thomas Paine will receive very little pleasure in Boston, after September 14, 1795."

Mr. Young, professor of music, from Philadelphia, has issued proposals in this town for publishing, by subscription, a collection of songs from the most approved operas, together with some elegant originals.

14. Henry William DeSaussure, Esq., has been appointed director of the United States mint.

Amateurs in the fine arts will learn with pleasure that Mr. Bowen has raised, near the head of the Mall, a museum of fine arts, on a plan the most capacious and elegant in the United States. It will be 108 feet long, with an ell of 50 feet, and 30 feet wide. As this enterprise is made at the entire expense of Mr. Bowen, we cannot but express our wishes that he may

1895.

tined to be the greatest city of the world, unless, possibly Chicago, with its phenomenal increase, might catch up in about four decades. Sanitary district A, of the tenth ward, New York, he said, was the most densely populated district in the world.

Mr. Corthell closed by predicting the population of some of the world's greatest cities in 1920, as follows: London, 8,344,000; Paris, 3,808,586; New York, 6,337,500; Berlin, 3,422,221; Chicago, 7,797, 600; Philadelphia, 1,838,160; St. Petersburg, 1,470,822

Petersburg, 1,470,833.
5. W. T. Davis of Plymouth, Mass., who sailed to-day on the steamer "Gallia" from London for Boston, succeeded in accomplishing a mission confided to him by the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, during a brief visit, which has awakened considerable interest among historically-inclined Englishmen, who, it appears, have something to learn of their own country through their American cousins.

Some time ago the Plymouth Pilgrim Society determined to permanently mark the spot where the movement that culminated in the voyage of the "Mayflower" was organized on English soil, and a handsome bronze tablet, measuring twenty-four by twenty-nine inches, was made, bearing the following inscription:

"This tablet is erected by the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, Massachusetts, United States of America, to mark the site of the ancient manor house, where lived William Brewster, from 1588 to 1608, and where, in 1606, he organized the Pilgrim Church, of which he became ruling elder, and with which he went, in 1608, to Amsterdam, in 1609 to Leyden, and in 1620 to Plymouth, where he died, August 16, 1640."

Mr. Davis brought this tablet

experience the patronage of the best citizens of this metropolis.

A few days since a coroner was called on for the purpose of summoning a jury, to sit on the body of a person said to have been drowned; in consequence of which a jury was immediately collected, who proceeded to the place where they supposed the dead body lay. But being arrived there, to their great astonishment, as well as no small diversion of a number of people assembled on the solemn occasion, it proved to be a portion of the effigy of Governor Jay, which unluckily the previous evening had been thrown overboard. What the verdict was has not yet been told.

15. The Salem newspaper says: "Notwithstanding the corner-stone of a new State House has been laid with so much pomp in Boston, it is doubted whether a superstructure will ever rest upon it, as the factious attempts of the Bostonians to govern the State render that town a very improper place for legislative deliberation.

16. The Hon. Timothy Pickering, Esq., has been appointed Secretary of State, vice the Hon. Mr.

Randolph, resigned.

17. The violent advocates for war would do well to consider the following statement of the money which was expended, and the lives lost, in the late American War:

Money expended, £146,859,632. Added to the national debt, exclusive of the winding up of the account, £117,842,632.

Soldiers and sailors killed and

missing, 432,849.

Widows and orphans, 1,000,000. Lives of all nations lost in the dispute, 1,388,000.

Recovering the value of the men

to England a few weeks ago, and at once set about determining the proper spot for erecting it.

Nothing whatever remained of Scrooby Manor House, although close to its site a substantial farmhouse was located. In the village of Scrooby, near by, there is a church upon which the Earl of Crewe, son of the late Lord Houghton, thought the tablet could be placed to best advantage. Davis, however, concluded that the church was erected considerably later than any date mentioned on the tablet, and for the sake of historical accuracy, he decided to attach the plate to the heavy masonry wall of the farmhouse, which is at present occupied by David Chilito.

From investigations which he made in the neighborhood, Mr. Davis is confident that when William Brewster lived at Scrooby the manor house was the only building there, and that the congregation which he assembled there in 1606 was composed of persons living at Austerfield and Bawtry.

Other conclusive evidence of this he found by visiting the churchyards of those two places, and noting that the gravestones bore names peculiar to Plymouth (Mass.) fam-

ilies.

He was also led to conclude that the office of postman, which was held by Brewster, and his father before him, did not relate to letters and communications, but rather to something connected with the coaches and changes of horses, Scrooby being on the great postroad from London to Scotland.

After erecting the tablet, Mr. Davis visited Leyden, and devoted several days to an examination of ancient landmarks in that city,

The loss of territories may

amount to £,100,000,000.

Mr. Joseph Russell, Town Treasurer, has been married to Miss Lydia Moore, daughter of the late Dr. Moore, of Cambridge.

18. RICHMOND, VA.,

August 8, 1795,
In case the treaty entered into by that d—d arch traitor, J—n J—y, with the British should be ratified, a petition will be presented to the next General Assembly of Virginia, at their next session, praying that the said State may secede from the Union, and be left under the government of one hundred thousand free and independent Virginians.

The whooping-cough is very prevalent, and parents are alarmed.

The riots which for some time have disgraced the town, we are happy to say, appear to have entirely subsided. What the real intentions of the riotors were, had they been less opposed, we are unable to say; their ostensible object in the first instance was the immolation of an effigy of Governor Jay. They paraded with an image through the principal streets of this metropolis on the 4th, but were at length interrupted by the orderly citizens, and the man of straw taken from them. Nothing occurred till the Wednesday evening following, when they again assembled with another figure, marched as before through some of the streets, and burned the effigy on Oliver's Dock. It was late in the evening, and by an event little suspected no persons were present to prevent an occurrence so derogatory to reason and the town. Some few, just at 1895.

where the Pilgrims spent eleven

6. The River Charles, as it flows silently along on its lazy course to the sea this morning, bears no evidence of the scenes of gayety which were enacted on its smooth surface last evening, during the Fifth River Carnival of Waltham. Splendid in its conception and brilliant in its execution, it made a beautiful picture, the magnificence of which can with difficulty be fully realized.

The first carnival was held on the evening of September 24, 1885, and was witnessed by 20,000 people. At this carnival the first prize was only five dollars, yet it served to draw out many striking features. On the night of this carnival the late General Nathaniel P. Banks, accompanied by his family, was a guest of the late R. M. Pulsifer, at "Islington," from which place they reviewed the procession.

The second carnival took place on September 9, 1886, and was attended by Governor Robinson and staff, who were the guests of Colonel Ephraim Stearns. The

attendance was 30,000.

September 13, 1887, was the date of the third carnival. The Governor was unable to be present, but Mrs. Ames and the Governor's private secretary, Colonel Campbell, were there. The attendance was 50,000.

The last carnival occurred September 17, 1891, and it proved the grandest spectacle of all. The late Mrs. Benjamin Harrison was present with a party of friends. The attendance was about 70,000.

8. The destruction by fire yesterday of a large part of the Masonic Temple, will, of course, result in great interruption to the

the close of the business, endeavored to represent the ignominy consequent on such conduct, and the dangers which the inhabitants were exposed to, by fires in the streets; but they were ill-treated and jostled, though not materially injured. On Thursday night a few of the evil-disposed again collected; but either from the deficiency of numbers, or not having their work well digested, nothing was attempted. On Friday evening, however, they collected early, and numerously, and after parading for some time they proceeded to the house of Mr. Wallach, in the front of the town, with the hope of meeting Mr. Paine, editor of a popular journal, who, by a publication on the preceding day against some popular characters, had excited their resentment. Here they assailed the house where the obnoxious editor lived, with stones and brickbats, till, having irritated the master of it, they were fired upon, and one person was slightly wounded in the face. After another discharge of stones the mob dispersed, and all was peaceable till Monday, when there was again a riotous assemblage, who made a bonfire in Liberty Square. The Attorney-General and the Sheriff, in attempting to disperse them, were both ill-used and insulted. About eleven o'clock the mob was disbanded. It has not since collected. and, we hope, never will.

19. The publication of "Common Sense" causes much dispute, and different writers express their

varying opinions.

It has been considered as worthy of remark, that on Sunday, August 23, Absalom Jones, an African, was ordained minister of the African Christian Church, lately established in Philadelphia, the

regular meetings of the Masonic bodies using the various halls and apartments in the building. Many of these are now a mass of ruins, and those not damaged by fire are thoroughly drenched with water, and with the furniture and pictures under the covers of the protective department.

Two important quarterly meetings of the grand bodies were to have been held this week—the Grand Royal Arch Chapter, Tuesday evening, and the Grand Lodge Wednesday afternoon, in Sutton Hall. A meeting-place for the quarterly communication of the latter has been secured at Odd Fellows Hall, where the ceremonies will open at two o'clock.

The fire has seriously delayed the work of the Grand Secretary's office, but everything will be in readiness for the communication by Wednesday. Right Worshipful Brother Sereno D. Nickerson, the Recording Grand Secretary, and his assistant, Rev. O. A. Roberts, were both at their posts this morning, but nothing could be done, as the carpets were soaking in water and the covers of the protective department still over the desks and tables.

The subject of consolidating all the post-offices of the "Greater Boston" with the Boston office, has been taken up by First Assistant Postmaster-General Jones, but no immediate action is likely to be taken. Mr. Jones recognizes the importance of the scheme laid before him by Postmaster Coveney, and is anxious to have it discussed by the people of the cities and towns affected before deciding for or against it.

The places suggested by Postmaster Coveney as parts of the Boston district are Saugus, Naservices being performed by Bishop White.

21. There was to-day a grand celebration given by Citizen Mozard, Consul of France, in observance of the epoch of the abolition of the monarchy, and the establishment of the Republic of France. The dawn of the day was welcomed in by a discharge of guns from the "Brutus" and from the Castle, and by the ringing of bells in the town. At noon a procession was formed, and moved from the State House to Faneuil Hall, where an elegant dinner was prepared, the procession consisting of the respectable Frenchmen in the town, and a large number of American citizens. The dinner was also honored by the company of His Excellency Governor Adams, and other officers of the government, and the Selectmen, all invited by the French Consul.

The following letter has been sent to the Chamber of Commerce by the President of the United States:

"To Thomas Russell, Esq.

"Sir,-I have received your letter of the 13th inst., covering a copy of the dissent of a number of citizens of Boston, expressing their disapprobation of the votes adopted at a late meeting in that town, relative to the Treaty of Amity, Commerce, and Navigation, between the United States and Great Britain; and also a copy of the proceedings of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, on the same subject. While I regret the diversity of opinion which has been manifested on this occasion, it is a satisfaction to learn that the commercial part of my fellow citizens, whose interests are thought to be most distinctly affected, so general1895.

hant, Lynn, Malden, Everett, Wakefield, Melrose, Medford, Winchester, Woburn, Stoneham, Lexington, Arlington, Waltham, Newton, Belmont, Milton, Hyde Park, and Quincy.

An attempt to relieve the crowded condition of certain schools was made this evening by the School Board, when it was voted that the Committee on Schoolhouses be authorized to provide small wooden buildings for temporary school accommodations, and to place the buildings in the yards of such schoolhouses as said committee shall determine.

It was ordered that of the \$500,-000 which, under Chapter 408 of the Acts of 1895, the School Committee is authorized to expend for new schoolhouses, etc., the following amounts be appropriated for the purposes stated: For small wooden temporary school accommodations, \$10,000; Rice Training School (alterations), \$10,000; Bigelow Schoolhouse (enlargement of lot, grading, etc.), \$25,000; purchase of Allston Club-house, \$20,000; Edward Everett School, (grading and erection of wall), \$5,000.

12. To-day the old historic town of Concord passed her two hundred and sixtieth birthday in peace and quiet, a great contrast to the noisy celebration which took place just a decade ago.

Two very appropriate anniversary meetings were held, at which Concord residents were once more thrilled by the recital of the past history of the town. Beyond this the observances of the day were of a quiet nature.

Both meetings were held in the old meeting-house, where, on October 14, 1774, the first Provincial Congress was held, of which John

ly consider the treaty as calculated on the whole to procure important advantages for our country. This sentiment I trust will be extended, in proportion as the provisions of the treaty become well understood. "With due respect I am, Sir,

"Yours obediently,

(Signed) "GEO. WASHINGTON." United States, 22 Aug., 1795."

23. The Empress of Russia has ordered that no neutral vessels arriving in her dominions from any port in France, shall be allowed to take on board any species of merchandise for exportation. Several American vessels, which were wholly or in part laden, have been obliged to unload and depart in ballast. This, while it must prove injurious to our mercantile fellow citizens, will give a show to the various duck and iron manufacturers in the United States.

Colonel Tyler has been appointed manager of the Boston Theatre for the ensuing season. Mr. Powell, it is learned, does not quit the stage, and there are well-grounded hopes that the animosity of the last will not mar the amusements of the present season. Among the new performers a fair daughter of Massachusetts will make her début, and if beauty, grace, elegance, and science can please, she will.

26. On the conclusion of the late treaty by General Wayne with the Indians, \$20,000 in goods were distributed among them, and they are to receive \$8,000 annually.

Intelligence from every part of the country concurs to assure us that our farmers never were blessed with more plentiful crops, for man and beast, than they have in the present harvest.

28. The Jacobites are accused of getting up a disturbance about the treaty. Some boys in the

Hancock was chosen president. It was in this assembly that those stirring speeches were made by Hancock, Adams, and other patriots. At three o'clock in the afternoon, Old Concord Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, held their annual meeting in this ancient church.

13. General Isaac S. Burrell, the venerable Street Commissioner, died at his home, No. 100 Howard Avenue, Roxbury, yesterday morning about four o'clock. The immediate cause of death was heart disease. General Burrell had been passing the summer at Hull, and about two weeks ago he came home in rather feeble health. He declined rapidly, and soon was bevond all medical assistance that could be rendered him. surrounded by his family when he passed away. Last spring he was stricken with an attack of la grippe, and for a long time he was in very poor health. As summer approached he began to improve, and removed to his summer residence. The change of air seemed to give him renewed vigor for a short time, but he soon had a relapse, and began to sink so rapidly that he expressed a desire to be removed to his home in Roxbury.

Isaac S. Burrell was born in Dorchester, October 13, 1820. He was educated in the Roxbury public schools. He began active life in 1844, as a carriage-builder.

He early became identified with local affairs in Rox bury, and held important positions there.

During President Pierce's administration he was appointed postmaster, and served through Buchanan's administration. Subsequently he served with distinction during the Civil War, and immediately after his return he

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streets with watermelon lanterns were frightened, and their lanterns broken, but their efforts failed.

A young man being asked the definitions of the nouns "aristocrat" and "democrat," made answer as follows:

| A 1.141      | D .        |
|--------------|------------|
| A—mbitious   | D—ecent    |
| R—obber      | E-nticing  |
| I—ndependent | M—odest    |
| S—lovenly    | O-bliging  |
| T-urbulent   | C-areful   |
| O-utrageous  | R-eligious |
| C—rafty      | A-miable   |
| R-igorous    | T-radesman |
| A-rtful      |            |
| T-urk        | *          |
|              |            |
|              |            |

or one who wants an arbitrary share in the government and its administration.

or a good citizen who wishes a government founded on the rights of the people.

### NOTE.

Boston, and, in fact, the whole country, experienced the most trying period in its existence during the summer of 1795. The yellowfever was brought to New York in the ship "Zephyr," from Port-au-Prince, and raged violently. Large numbers of people fled the city, and Philadelphia proclaimed nonintercourse. Boston's health authorities used every means in their power to prevent the introduction of the dread disease, and were fair-The event that ly successful. stirred the people the most was the treaty which John Jay negotiated with England, and the ratifying of the same with President Washington's approval. Everything pointed to a second war with England. She was at war with France, and hundreds of American vessels were

# 1895.

was appointed city marshal of Roxbury.

In this position he remained two years, then resigning, again to take the place of postmaster, to which he was reappointed by President Johnson.

He continued as postmaster until the annexation of Roxbury to Boston, when the office was made a station.

He was three years a representative in the House (1856, 1857, and 1860), and served two years in the Common Council and one in the Board of Aldermen (1861) of Roxbury.

Since 1871 he has been a member of the Board of Street Commissioners of Boston.

General Burrell joined the Roxbury Artillery in 1840, and he held all the different military offices, retiring as brigadier-general of the First Brigade of the militia.

During the Civil War he commanded the Forty-second Massachusetts regiment as colonel. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Galveston, Texas, and held in confinement eighteen months and twenty-two days.

He was a member of the G. A. R., Post 26, the Loyal Legion, and other military organizations. He was also a Mason.

He was married, January 23, 1848, to Miss Maria A. Newell. They had six children,—Maria L., Emma A., Benjamin H., Sarah S., Gertrude A., and Isaac H. Burrell.

16. Mr. William T. Davis, the representative of the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, commissioned to place the memorial tablet on the estate in England where the Pilgrims first organized, returned to Plymouth to-day.

The tablet was placed on the site of the old manor at Scrooby, where

seized by the British for trading at French ports. The merchants of Boston were well-nigh distracted. Many had been ruined, and the seamen aboard their vessels imprisoned. Detroit, Oswego, Niagara, and other ports had not been given up, according to the treaty of 1783, and the English were supposed to have urged the Indians to the war which General Wayne had closed.

The trouble with Algerine pirates, who only had respect for the British flag, was supposed to be urged on by the British consul at Algiers, to ruin our commerce.

The people were all in sympathy with France, and England hated America for that reason. Many of the States refused to allow British creditors to collect their debts, due before the Revolution. War was expected, and during the spring of 1794, New Yorkers of all classes worked on the fortifications of Governor's Island; and at Marblehead a large force of men were kept drilling. The finances were in terrible disorder, caused by a paper currency, and this led to an insurrection in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania.

To try to remedy this state of affairs Washington took the hazardous step to negotiate a new treaty with Great Britain. John Jay, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, was selected for this purpose, and to him was due the credit of the treaty, and the securing of favorable terms. He well knew the temper of the country on the matter, and the difficulties he would incur, and the enemies he would make at home. "But," said he, "the good of my country demands the sacrifice." On June 8 the Senate met to consider the treaty. Its contents were unknown, but the feeling was so bitter against England that lived Elder William Brewster, at whose house the Dissenters held their first meetings before they were compelled to become pilgrims in Holland and Massachusetts.

Mr. Davis states that his arrival in England with the tablet was noted in the newspapers and pictorial publications. He found that the site of the Scrooby manor had great historic interest even previous to the organization of the Pilgrims. Being on the highway between London and Scotland it was a stopping-place for the monarchs of England when they travelled that way, and during the time of Henry VIII. it was the home of Cardinal Wolsey.

The most important historical item found by Mr. Davis during his stay in that section, was the discovery, with certain proofs, of the house where was born the famous leader of the Pilgrims and first Governor of the Plymouth Colony.

In to-day's "Independent" that very gracious writer, Dr. S. W. Dike, makes a point not heretofore considered, though as soon as stated it must be accepted. that the complexity of modern life is too great for the simple polity that binds Congregationalists together. It is too individual to be easily expanded, and many devices have been resorted to, in order to supplement the strain now felt. He thinks there is need of central action, and that what is done in missions, in the working of societies, and in the operation of social agencies within the local churches, shows a tendency which is driving to the wall the old forms of managing a parish.

The celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of a town government at Lawrence, which begins to-day, is an event would have been considered abominable. It was said that Jay's cordial treatment there was proof that he had betrayed his country, and "that he deserved to have his lips blistered to the bone for kissing the Queen's hand." When the contents of the treaty were made public a storm of frenzy broke out all over the land. of twenty to ten advised the President to sign it, and the proceedings were conducted with closed doors. A Virginia Senator, who had voted against it, took it upon himself to give a copy to the press, which was four days on the road from New York to Boston; and when it arrived the city was furious. It was publicly burned. Indignation meetings were held at different points, and a big inscription was carried through the streets, reading as follows: "Damn John Jay! Damn every one that won't damn John Jay!! Damn every one that won't put lights in his windows and sit up all night damning John Jay!!!'' The cause of all this was, that there was a blind hatred of England. British ships were allowed free entrance into any of our ports and rivers, but no American ships, of over seventy tons, could trade at any port in the British Provinces, or the West Indies. The frontier ports were not to be

given up until the following year.

The right to search American ves-

sels, and the imprisonment of

American seamen, was not renounc-

ed. "The treaty yielded," it was

said, "what no man ought to yield

but with his life." England, when

the matter was considered, was pro-

voked, and thought that she had

conceded too much. Lord Shef-

field said, when the War of 1812

broke out, "We have a complete

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full of interest, not only to the citizens of that flourishing city, but to all the people of New England as well. From a modest beginning on the Merrimac it has, within the short space of half a century, become a large and prosperous city and one of the chief centres of our manufacturing industries. No city in the State, except Holyoke, has grown more rapidly, and the jubilation of today and to-morrow there will be altogether fitting and appropriate.

17. Our city of Boston is 265 years old to-day, and there has been some discussion as to how she received her name. It had been supposed that she was so named out of respect to Rev. John Cotton, who was the beloved pastor of the first church established here, he having served many years as vicar of St. Botolph's in the borough of Boston, in Lincolnshire, England, but this is now said to be incorrect, as it was not until 1633 that he arrived in Boston, a passenger with about 200 others, in the "Griffin," which was recorded as a noble vessel of 300 tons burden. of those passengers were "the magnates of the ancient borough of Boston."

The true reason for giving the name of Boston to the peninsula is recorded as in honor of Mr. Isaac Johnson, the great friend and supporter of the Massachusetts Colony, who came over with Winthrop in 1630, and died in Charlestown, September 30, about three weeks after the naming of the town. He was from Boston in England, and there he made a will in April, 1628, styling himself of Boston, making bequests to his minister and the poor of Boston, and providing that he should be buried in the church-

yard there.

opportunity of getting rid of that most impolitic treaty of 1794, when Lord Grenville was so perfectly duped by Jay.'

Salem thought the treaty was good for her, because she had liberty of trade with the East Indies. A great point was gained when, for her unwarrantable seizure of American vessels, England had to pay to our merchants \$10,340,000. Another beneficial point was, the mutual extradition of murderers and forgers, and the right of citizens of either country to hold realestate in the other. Another strong point was, that war should never justify the confiscation of debts, or violation of contracts; and millions were thus saved to the United States, which happened to be the creditor nation at the breaking out of the War of 1812.

Washington signed the treaty on the 15th of August, and when meetings were held, and protesting resolutions were forwarded to him, he sent letters in response, justifying the position he assumed. Party journals were bitter in their remarks with regard to him. "Washington is a political hypocrite, like Cæsar," they said, and "a counterpart of Louis XIV." "He lives in the seclusion of a monk, and acts like a tyrant." "He no longer moves on horseback or afoot, but rides in a carriage." "He overdraws his salary;" and such like objurgations were very often heard. It was a trying time, both for the country and himself. But the storm blew over, and the nation held its steady confidence in Washington. John Jay, too, was at last declared to have discharged his duties "invariably with ability, integrity, and patriotism."

The baptismal record and the only act of incorporation which Boston has under the colonial charter was made in September, 1630, as follows:

'It is ordered that Trimountaine shall be called Boston; Mattapan, Dorchester; the towne vpon Charles Ryver, Waterton.

The Second Assistant Postmaster-General has, in his trip abroad, examined as closely as possible the English and French postal systems, and speaks of them, in part, as follows:

"These people are handling their mails in wagons, just as we are today. We are ahead of them with our electric lines, for the transportation of mails where it is advisable. They have no such system to help them out. Both the French and the English are watching the horseless wagons with a great deal of interest, in hopes that such arrangements will help them, as our electric lines are bound to help us.

"I am thoroughly convinced from what I know of the service in this country, and what I saw of the service in Europe, that we have arrived at a point where the long distance service must be entirely separated from the local or intermediate service; that the cities and their surroundings must be provided for in an entirely different manner from the present mode of handling mails, that the cities' service must be upheld by local people in a great measure, assisted by the government, and that experts will be required for this service as each locality has its troubles to contend with."

18. President Grover Cleveland touched a golden button at Buzzard's Bay late this afternoon, and instantly the wheels of the machinery at the Cotton States and In-

## 1895 - Continued.

ternational Exposition, 1,000 miles away, leaped into life. Cannon blazed and thundered, 60,000 people cheered, a thousand flags flutered from the tops of the many buildings, and the South's great industrial exposition was opened.

The United States Government Building is filled with one of the completest presentations of the nation's force and strength ever yet brought out by the various departments of state. It is true that the appropriation by Congress for this purpose was only \$200,000, but it is stated by the authorities in charge that with this amount, under present conditions, the government can set up a far more attractive and interesting exhibit than at any previous time for more than twice that amount.

About fifteen States are represented in the exhibits, and of these the following have buildings: Georgia, Alabama, New York, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Illinois, and California.

19. A grand American army took possession of Chattanooga to-day, to assist in the dedicatory exercises of the National Military Park of Chattanooga and Chickamauga. To commemorate the services of her sons Massachusetts has erected at the foot of Orchard Knob, a small hill about a mile out of Chattanooga, a plain granite stone, suitably inscribed, to dedicate which she sent the large delegation of her citizens to-day.

The monument occupies a position at the westerly base of the hill, close to a monument erected to the memory of the First Michigan Engineers, and its bronze plate bears the simple inscription:

"Massachusetts: To her Second and Thirty-third Infantry in the Campaign of Chattanooga." The stone had been beautifully decorated for the occasion of its dedication. At the westerly base was an immense shield of evergreen, bearing on one side a crescent of white roses, with the number "33" in forget-me-nots, and a star of red roses, with the number "2" also traced in forget-me-nots. On the top of the monument was placed an immense mound of evergreen and roses, surmounted by a white dove, and on its sides were draped two handsome American flags and the State colors.

The party formed a little circle, whose outer edge was continued by a large number of spectators, and, standing in the centre of the circle, Governor Frederic T. Greenhalge delivered an eloquent and patriotic address.

21. The directors of the Old South Meeting House have made some interesting additions to the Old South Leaflets. They consist of "Hooper's Letters to Bullinger," Sir John Eliot's "Apology for Socrates," "Ship-money Papers," "Pym's Speech Against Strafford," "Cromwell's Second Speech," Milton's "Free Commonwealth," and Sir Henry Vane's defence.

These are curious documents, not easily attainable in other forms of publication. They are a part of English history that bear directly upon American affairs, and as such must have a peculiar attraction to our people. These leaflets are being used in some of the schools in the State, and are valuable as a means of instruction, both there and in more private circles.

22. Chief among the public attractions at the Atlanta Exposition to-day were the exercises attendant on the celebration of "Blue and Gray" day, in the auditorium of the Exposition. Throughout the

program, whenever any national air was played by the band, the cheers drowned the music. It was the intention, apparently, of every one present to convince the country that there was no longer sectionalism. It was hurrah for "Yankee Doodle" and for "Dixie," for the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Suwanee River."

So marked was this that at one time during the playing of the "Star Spangled Banner" General Longstreet arose, his determined face aglow with patriotic enthusiasm, and waving his handkerchief over his head, cheered and cheered again. The effect was electrical; the entire audience arose and chanted the song and cheered. It certainly was, so far as Atlanta is concerned, a seal on the mouth of sectional disputes.

23. The rate of the advance in the heat to-day was sufficient to alarm the most hardened. It was past 90 degrees at noon, reached 94 deg. at one o'clock, 95 deg. at two, and at three o'clock touched the highest of the day, 96 deg.,—the highest record in twenty-five years for the last decade in September, and crowning the wave generally as something to fix in the

24. Captain Paget, with the approval of the School Board and Superintendent Seaver, has adopted the new United States army manual of arms for the High School regiments. Vesterday he had the officers of the first wing in the drill-hall, and gave them a lecture as to their duties and drilled them in the new manual. To-day he will have the officers of the left wing before him for instruction and drill. The entire roster is not quite ready, and will not be fully decided upon

for confirmation until the last week in October.

Captain Paget reports a good showing for this year. In the two regiments there will be thirty-six companies. The Latin battalion has 480, and the English High nearly 800, guns in line. The East Boston high furnishes two companies, with about seventy guns; Charlestown, two companies, with between seventy and eighty guns, while last year there was only a single company; Dorchester High has more than two companies, having ninety-six boys in all; West Roxbury gives about the same as last year, a double rank company; Brighton High has one double rank company, while last year it had only a single rank company; Roxbury High has more than four double rank companies, 190 guns in all.

Under the new arrangement of a separate regiment for each, the English High and Latin Schools, it will be possible, Captain Paget states, to mass the "ponies" by themselves. When the boys next drill on the Common it will be as a brigade.

"The Parliament of Man" will be the title of a citizens' assembly, held during the noon hour each day, except Sunday, in the Park Street Church, in October.

The scheme is the beginning of a tour of "patriotic evangelization," for the purpose of developing and fostering the highest type of American citizenship. It will be inaugurated by the holding of daily meetings during the noon hour at the Park Street Church, under the general title, "The Parliament of Man," to which representatives of every political party and religious creed will be invited

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to give expression to their best thoughts on the general subject of American citizenship.

25. The first State Convention of the Daughters of the American Revolution was opened to-day in the historic centre of the Old South Meeting House, with Miss Rebecca Warren Brown, Honorary State

Regent, in the chair.

Opening remarks were made by the State Regent, Mrs. Charles M. Green, who stated that the society was founded in December, 1891, by Miss Rebecca Warren Brown, who has continued her good work with unflagging interest. The organization has grown steadily, until all the States and Territories are now represented except Alaska, Arizona, and Idaho.

"In February of last year we reported at the annual congress thirteen regents, with 514 members. We have at the present time sixteen regents with 685 members. In October, three more regents will go before the congress of 1896. The subject of building a Continental Hall in Washington will come before the next Congress."

26. This year there will be a greater number of graduate students at Radcliffe, the Harvard annex, than ever before, and it is encouraging to note that nearly all of them come from New England. The special students are from other States, but so far there are no for-

eign applicants.

Of the 300 students expected, 200 were registered to-day, and such a hive of industry and activity beggars description. With pencil and note-book the girls jotted down the hours of special studies, and then went in for a jolly good time with their comrades. Notes of vacation were compared, and earnest plans for the future developed, and when

"How d'y' do's" had been said, the collegians strolled off in twos and threes, for there were but a couple of lectures on the opening day.

To-morrow the battle begins, and then for hard study the girls are intent. Miss Irwin, Dean of the College, received the young ladies, and gave a general talk on student

life.

The class which enters the Harvard Medical School to-day is probably as large as last year's, which, numbering 182, was the best in the history of the school. A gratifying feature this year is the increased percentage of graduates among the newcomers; it is certain that the number will be considerably in excess of any preceding year. A constant improvement in this direction will undoubtedly hasten the advent of the degree requirement so long talked about.

There are but few changes in the corps of instructors. Dr. M. H. Richardson, last year Assistant Professor of Anatomy, is this year Assistant Professor of Surgery. His place in the anatomical department is taken by Dr. Dexter, while Dr. W. A. Brooks, Jr., succeeds Dr. Dexter as Demonstrator of Anatomy. There are two new assistant demonstrators of anatomy in Dr. Lund and Dr. Blake.

Apropos of the complaints which have been made in regard to the enforcement of the exise laws in New York, Ex-President Harrison has just uttered the following commendatory and sensible words:

"The idea that a mayor or chief of police is at liberty to permit any law or ordinance to be violated is monstrous. We choose executive officers to enforce laws, and not to repeal or suspend them at their pleasure. It is subversive of our

system, and destructive of social order and of the peace of our communities to allow our executive officers to choose what laws they will enforce.

will emorce.

"It is not at all a question whether I like the law or whether the officer likes the law. Such questions are for the Legislature and council. To find fault with an officer for enforcing the law is to repudiate our system of government, and to vote against a candidate because he is pledged to enforce the laws is to associate one's self with law-breakers."

27. The site on the southerly corner of Washington Street and Spring Lane, where the first Governor of the Massachusetts Colony established his home, in order to be beside the spring which 265 years ago attracted the settlers over from Charlestown, is valued according to the assessors' books, at \$75 a foot. The land in the rear extending toward the Old South Church, where he once kept his poultry and his kitchen-garden, is valued at \$65 a foot.

One of the notable examples of increase of tax valuation is the site of the Sears Building. This marble structure stands at the head of State Street, on a site once occupied by the First Church in Boston. According to an authority on realestate values, the land was in 1820 worth \$24,000, and in 1880 it had increased more than twenty-

fold, being \$490,000. Now after fifteen years, it is valued at twice the latter amount.

29. Lieutenant-General J. M. Schofield, commanding the United States army, to-day issued an order in which, by reason of his having reached the legal age of retirement, he relinquishes his command.

General Nelson A. Miles has been informed by President Cleveland that he has been chosen as General Schofield's successor in

the command.

To-day the members of the Cambridgeport First M. E. Society held special services in their church, in memory of the late Hon. Henry O. Houghton, the widely known publisher and genuine humanitarian. Rev. Dr. Skene said,

in part:

'For nearly half a century Mr. Houghton moved quietly about this community, touching wellnigh every part of it with a personal force which always meant improvement of condition. For more than thirty years his life was a part of the life of this church. How large a part of it none of us can tell. It was like the dew distilled upon the flowers, adding to their fragrance and beauty, yet working so silently that no one ever heard or saw its operation. Many a heart was made lighter and life more beautiful by blessings from the hand that was not seen."



# AUTHORS AND BOOKS

THE Merriam Company, of New York, have recently published a work that is not only readable, but valuable. It is entitled "A Modern Pagan," written by Constance Goddard Du Bois. It is readable because permeated with a hightoned simplicity, and it is valuable by reason of its being the record of one more conversion to Biblical truth, from the realms of worldly fashion and vice. It teaches, too, the greater weight of example than of precept, and blazons out a path wherein many of us may follow with honor, truth, and fidelity to our common brotherhood, while at the same time not losing sight of those more sacred duties which we owe to the Power on High.

"The Sale of a Soul," by F. Frankfort Moore, and published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, is a lively story by the author of "I Forbid the Bans," "They Call It Love," etc. The plot is an original one, and turns on the elopement of the wife of a British member of Parliament, with a friend of the husband. She starts with her lover in a steamship to Cuba, and just after the gang-plank has been drawn, she discovers that her husband is on board. He has discovered the elopement, and has followed her, to save her. The story, in a clever and amusing way, tells how the husband out-witted his former friend, and convinced his wife of her folly.

Laird & Lee, of Chicago, have just published a new work, entitled, "On the Suwanee River," from the gifted pen of Opie Read, and in which he has far surpassed all previous efforts. The rich local coloring has been obtained to a remarkable degree; the picturesqueness of the scenery is equalled by the graphic delineation of characters, and the story itself is wrapped up in enough emotional mystery to keep the interest

of the reader breathlessly alive to the end. Grace, charm, purity, not forgetting touches of genuine humor, contribute in placing this volume among the best, if not the best, issued this year from the American author's brain.

Dillingham's American Authors Library is rapidly gaining favor; No. 2 of the series bears the title "What Do You Think?" from the pen of Olive Harper, in which she tells some plain truths in a very interesting way.

"On the Point" is the title of "A Summer Idyl," by Nathan Haskell Dole, just published by the Joseph Knight Company of Boston. The story is unusually attractive by reason of its perfect naturalness. The characters are those met with in our common everyday life, enjoying the same pleasures, controlled by similar motives, and all of them exhibiting in speech and action the same weaknesses of human nature. There is an absence of romance that is quite refreshing. Plain sober truth is rendered pleasurable and inviting because of the good results it is shown to obtain, and the story is altogether free from that nauseous veneering of vice which so many novel-writers seek for nowadays.

"The Three Beauties, or Shannon-dale," by that prolific writer, Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, is just the book to carry to the seashore or mountains, or pleasantly pass away the time en route. It is light, but full of interest, beneath which one can obtain a careful study of character.—[M. J. Ivers & Co., New York.]

Laird & Lee, of Chicago, have issued a not only charming, but very useful and sensible, story entitled, "The Heart of a Boy," written by Edmondo de Amicis, and translated by Professor G. Mantellini, from the one hundred and sixty-sixth Italian edition. The book is really a classic in the literature of education; and a teacher of teachers, for all the world. Too great praise cannot be awarded its purpose or its manner. Parents, instructors, and pupils are alike held inspired, and taught by the expressive story that is told. This boy's interesting observations and ennobling thoughts are fit to be perpetual influences towards faultless and helpful lives. The belief in moral merit as the basis of all human excellence and welfare is inculcated with a master hand,and reinforced by one of the strongest testimonials that has ever been offered to the literary world.

"Webster's Academic Dictionary," published by the American Book Company, is an entirely new book, abridged directly from "Webster's International Dictionary," and a favorite, as well as a comprehensive, work of small size and cost. Its definitions are remarkably good, giving clear and comprehensive meanings of the words, and avoiding, as far as possible, definition by synonyms alone. In the appendix much space has been saved by consolidating into one the various pronouncing vocabularies of proper names; and especial attention has been devoted to amplifying and perfecting the lists of abbreviations, foreign quotations, and personages of mythology.

"One Year in French," by L. C. Syms, issued by the American Book Company, is intended primarily for children's use, and it answers its purpose well. It wisely unites with the teaching of grammar, the two contending systems of teaching languages,the natural or conversational method, and the method by translation. At the end of the book are found French-English and English-French vocabularies, which contain not only the words, but also all the idiomatic expressions,

used in the texts.

"The Supremacy of the Spiritual," issued by the Arena Publishing Company, has attracted much attention. Its

author is the Rev. Dr. Edward Randall Knowles, whose "Songs of the Life Eternal," and "The True Christian Science," have been most warmly praised. The fervor and spiritual absorption of his poems, and the refined quality of his verse, have caused them to be likened to the work of the early hymnologists of the church; and a future has been predicted for him as America's coming Catholic poet. It would be a happy world if the great mass of writers could express with the same intensity of strength as that of Dr. Knowles the meaning and essence of what they have to say. His "Supremacy of the Spiritual" is of great interest. Although the treatise consists of few pages, it contains as much close reasoning, and well-put logic, as many similar works of much more pretentious proportions. Brevity is the soul of argument, as well as of wit, and into this small compass the author has compressed an exhaustive presentation of the greatest truths.

"Psychology in Education," has just been issued by the American Book Company. Its author is Ruric N. Roark, Dean of the Department of Pedagogy, in the Kentucky State College, at Lexington, and the work is designed mainly and primarily for teachers, although many others, whose business it is to educate the human mind, and to influence its growth, will find a great deal in it that will be of use in their work. For schools it would seem to be really invaluable; in its method of presentation it combines such practical experience as the author has gained from many years' teaching of teachers, with an accurate knowledge and comprehensive presentation of their needs which have been afforded him by his abundant opportunities for observation. Almost every paragraph seems to have been written with the inquiry constantly in mind: "What application can be made of this in the details of every-day school work?" It would seem self-evident that no real science of education is

possible except it is founded on psychology, and that the work of the individual teacher, from the kindergarten to the university, will be valuable only as it is directed by some intelligent comprehension of the activities of the mind, and the laws of its growth.

One of the most entertaining of the old favorite American Series, published by M. J. Ivers & Co., of New York, is entitled "Doubly False," by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. The story is clean and welltold, and probably is the best book

written by this author.

Messrs. E. A. Weeks & Co., of Chicago, have published a new edition of Anthony Hope's so justly celebrated novel, "A Man of Mark." present cheap but attractive form the book will be more widely read than

The same publishers have issued another novel of Thomas Hardy's. This one is entitled "The Trumpet-Major," and is fully equal to the numerous other stories from the pen of this gifted author.

Messrs. M. J. Ivers & Co., of New York, have brought out a cheap edition of "The Bondman," from the pen of the famous author, Hall Caine. This excellent novel is well-known to our readers, who no doubt will be pleased to learn of this paper edition.

Few there are who have not heard of the story entitled, "The Lost Paradise," by Marie Walsh, which is based upon the late Henry C. DeMille's popular drama. This author has made a specialty of this sort of literary work, and she has proved that she possesses rare adaptive talent. -[The Mascot Publishing Company,

New York.]

Estes & Lauriat, of Boston, have just published "Doty Dontcare," a story of the Garden of the Antilles, by Mary Farrington Foster, with an introduction by Dr. Elliott Cones. It is an inviting narrative of West Indian life, in which are vividly portrayed the racial and social distinctions upon which the rigid caste systems of Santa Cruz are based.

Not the least novel feature in the story is the remarkable dialects in which some of the grades express themselves, and inasmuch as the author is a native, and was for a long time a resident, of the Island, he has been able to render these with great fidelity. The book is therefore a valuable contribution to folklore, especially in its bearings upon the " obeah " and other superstitions of the lower classes. All the persons, incidents, and scenes of this romance are drawn from real life. In one of the characters his actual name is used, and the denouement is historically true to the negro insurrection of 1878.

Messrs. Rand, McNally & Co., of Chicago and New York, are publishing some very valuable works in their paper cover series. One of the latest is entitled "Strength," being a treatise on the development and use of muscle, by the champion, C. A. Sampson, who is generally known as "the strongest man on earth." The rules contained therein are simple and concise, while the beautiful half-tone illustration adds to its inter-

est.

"A Freak in Finance; or, the Boy Teacher Taught," is an able answer by John F. Cargill, to the famous "Coin's Financial School." Besides a brief statement of the theory of money, the book contains an outline history of bimetallism in the United States from 1792 to the present time.

"Desperate Remedies" is the title of Thomas Hardy's latest novel. The volume is not as well written as "Tess of the D'Urbevilles," by the same author, but there is a peculiar fascination in the story that will cause it to be widely read.

The well-known publisher, G. W. Dillingham, of New York, still keeps the lead in paper covered volumes, in point of numbers, at least. "Macaria," by Augusta J. Evans, begins the Magnolia Library Series, and if the other volumes in the list maintain the same excellence, it will be one of the most popular series issued from this house.

"Franc Elliott" is a new story of society and Bohemia, by Clarence Herbert New. The author says some witty and pleasant things, but on the whole the tale is flat and uninteresting.

Mr. John R. McMahon has given us another lively story under the title of "Captain Mandeville," and has shown considerable skill in character-building as well as plot-construction.

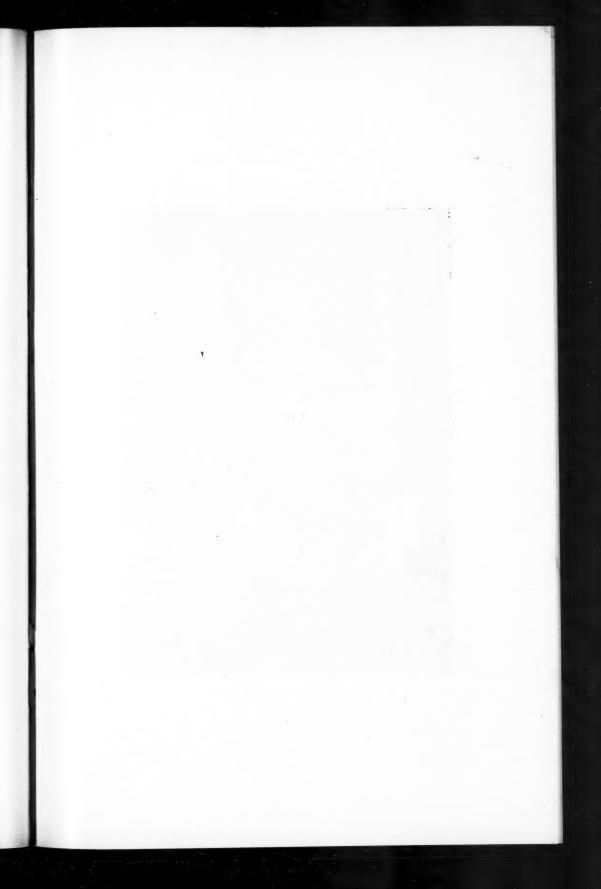
The author of "Iola," Mr. Mansfield Lovell Hillhouse, has written a new novel, entitled "The Storm King," a story of want and wealth. The story is an improvement over "Iola," but is not his masterpiece.

"Inez: A Tale of the Alamo," is, we believe, one of the most dramatic and best written stories that Augusta J. Evans has ever produced. It is dedicated to the Texan patriots who triumphantly unfurled and waved aloft the "banner of the Lone Star," and who wrenched asunder the iron bands of despotic Mexico.

"Madame de Staël, the Rival of Napoleon," by Helen Hinsdale Rich, is a charming booklet, printed by Stone & Kimball, of Chicago. It reproduces, in exact form, the highly entertaining lecture of this now famous woman, that has been delivered with such great success before so many prominent societies in the United States. It is a scholarly analysis of the celebrated Frenchwoman's character, influence, and works, and is calculated to stimulate and encourage women in every effort for advancement they may make. With her poetic insight into human nature, her warm sympathy for women, and her literary genius and acquirements, Mrs. Rich gives a really true and fascinating picture of Madame de Staël, and exhibits her own rare culture, and her mental grasp.

As a first effort in a literary line, the novel just issued by Estes & Lauriat, of Boston, written by Ethel Davis, and entitled, "When Love is Done," is more than usually meritorious. The incidents are quite out of the common, the plot is thrilling and attractive, and the characters are drawn largely on the basis of probability, and cause one to linger over their very natural traits, and to take it as quite a matter of course that they fit into their places with such ease. There is nothing strained about the book. Everything is depicted just as we see it in our everyday life, and it is for this reason chiefly that the story has met already with such abundant success.







EX-GOVERNOR ALEXANDER HAMILTON RICE